The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TRUST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How often in this changing world we lose
the heavenly light,
We see it for an instant, it shineth clear and
bright,
And then our souls are darkened; a cloud
comes on the breeze,
And we without a compass are tossed on
raging seas.

Sometimes the Spirit whispereth to our
hearts of peace and love,
All seemeth sure and steadfast, and naught
our faith can move;
And we think, though storms may gather,
we'll care not for the blast,
For we are safe, a peaceful haven we have
reached at last.

And far away in the distance a victor's
crown we see,
And angels clothed in shining robes of spot-
less purity;
And we hear such blissful music wafted
from harps above,
And songs of joy and gladness and silvery
strains of love.

And we see a living Saviour, who has wash-
ed us white as snow,
And His voice so sweet and gentle calls in
accents soft and low,
And we think of the shame and suffering
which for our sakes He bore,
And of the blessings which His grace on
sinful man doth shower.

And we gaze in breathless rapture—the
vision has died away,
But the sound of the heavenly chorus lingers
round us peacefully,—
And we are called to earth again; how *little*
Life appears,
With all its petty sorrows, its pleasures and
its tears!

But, oh! how soon temptation comes; how
easily we stray;
If but a little cloud doth cross our path our
trust is swept away,
And we are battling with the waves once
more without a helm,
A Saviour calls, we heed Him not, our
blindness sees no calm.

And then with bitter, unsubmissive heart,
on wings of thought
We fly, and strive to pierce *beyond* what He
has taught,
And lose ourselves far, far away in endless
utter night,
Till Hope and Joy and Truth are hidden
from our sight.

The angel music all has fled, the heavenly
peace is gone;
We are no more at rest, there is no more a
calm,
But from our hearts is welling up the wild,
impatient cry,
We will not hear the still small voice, we
see no comfort nigh.

But He, whose wondrous love has saved us
by His Son;
Who hears His children when they cry, e'en
though rebellious grown,
Wills not that one should stray from out His
sheltering love,
But sends His Spirit Holy and guides to the
throne above.

How can we grieve so true and merciful a
God?
How can we murmur and rebel against His
chastening rod?
What though temptations sore, and doubts
and fears assail,
He knoweth all; His arm is strong, His
word can never fail. S. L. S.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Come out to the side of the sea, my love,
Come out to the side of the sea;
The sun is set, and the stars are met,
And the winds and the waves agree;
But star so bright nor wave so light
Brings pleasure or peace to me.
Oh, come, for I sit and wait, alone,
On the rocks by the side of the sea!

I am going down in my memory
To the blessed long ago,
When the golden ground of the buttercups
Was dashed with the daisies' snow;
And I'm thinking of all you said to me,
And if it were true or no,
While I watch the tide as it runs away
From the beach so black and low.

If I should die, my love, my sweet,
Die of your smile forlorn,
Bury me here by the side of the sea,
Where all my joy was born,
Where the waves shall make my lullaby,
And the winds from night till morn
Shall say to the rocks, "He is gone to sleep
Where all his joy was born."

☞ A French woman once said that she never loved anything. "You loved your children," suggested a friend. "When they were little," she replied. "And you love diamonds." "When they are large," she replied.

"LAYING THE TRAP."

THE PLANTER PIRATE.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XX.

I did as the New Orleans lawyer directed, passing inside the restaurant, making my way upstairs, and ordering the iced drinks.

The lawyer came in along with them.

I could see that he had a telescope in his hand, fresh purchased from a store.

"The very place for our purpose," he said, walking to one of the windows, and looking at the steamboats. "The 'Yazoo City' can't come in without our seeing her from here, and with the help of this bit of magnifying glass we may bring Mr. Bradley near enough for recognition.

"What!" he continued, placing the telescope to his eye, and looking along the Levee, "have we a view of the flat as well? By my word we have. I can see the pork-boat, the flat itself, and Riggs on post where we left him, as plain as the dome of St. Charles. Good! we shall now know the movements both of Mr. Bradley and his confederates without getting out of our chairs. So no more about them for the present, but let's see how we can kill time with our sherry cobblers."

We had not much time to kill.

We had only just commenced sipping through our straws, when we heard a "chuck-chuck" in the direction of Lafayette, and looking up the river we beheld a small boat making down for the wharves. Her straight sides told she was a "stern-wheeler," but as she forged round in the crescent-like bend from which New Orleans derives one of its well-known names, my companion with the glass at his eye pronounced her the "Yazoo City."

"Here," he said, as the boat began to draw towards the wharf, "it's your turn with the telescope. Get Mr. Bradley in your field of vision, and keep him there till he comes near enough for the naked eye. What a divine conception my thinking of the spy glass, quite a new idea in detection! We're not only spared exposure to the hot sun, but my man will never suspect the presence of a spy. If he should see us looking out of the window, he'd be cunning to guess what for."

The lawyer continued to talk, but I paid only slight attention to what he was saying. I knew it was only to fill up the time.

I had got the "Yazoo City" in the field-view of the telescope, and was raking her fore and aft in search of her pirate passenger.

I soon discovered the object of my search. He was standing upon the guards, near the top of the stairs leading down to the boiler deck. I could make out a pair of saddle-bags hanging over his arm. I knew it was the whole of his luggage, and that he was prepared to step ashore as soon as the staging should be shot out.

I announced my discovery to my companion.

"Let me have a squint at him," he requested, stretching towards me for the telescope, "it may be as well for me to get acquainted with the phiz of this interesting gentleman, and see how it will figure in a court of justice. In a Panama hat and blue cottonades, you say?"

"Yes—on the saloon deck—close to the head of the stairway."

"I have got his precious picture in my eye. Dressed like a dandy too! Patent boots and grand ruffled shirt! What a flash swaggerer! Let me see—let me see. I think I've seen that fellow before."

While my companion still kept his eye to the telescope, as if to familiarize himself with the person of the Planter Pirate, the little boat struggled into her place, shoved out her staging, and gave the important passengers a chance of stepping ashore.

Now that I had recognized him I no longer required the glass; and I could see that Mr. Bradley was among the first to take advantage of it.

As soon as he had reached the crest of the Levee, he turned along it, in the direction of the flat-boat landing.

"Good," whispered the lawyer, "just as I expected. We shall not have long to wait before something turns up that will enable us to trap him."

"Should we not follow him?"

"Not yet. Better let him first go down to the flat—aboard, if he intends it. We can see what he does through this. When he comes ashore again then it will be time enough to track him to his hotel. Such a grand fellow as that, unless he have some secret haunt of his own, will be sure to put up at the 'St. Charles.' Yes, he's making direct for the flat."

I could see this for myself; but after a time, although the distance was still near enough for the naked eye, the pirate became mixed among the crowd of levee promenaders, and was lost to my sight.

"Good again," muttered my companion, "he's going aboard the boat. No! One of the crew comes ashore to meet him. It's the same who so politely received us. Now they are together on the Levee, and engaged in conversation. I wish we could only hear it. No doubt it would help our testimony a bit. Riggs has got his eye upon them askant, like a drake listening to thunder. Come! we must quit this, or he may escape us. As he's not going aboard, he won't stay long on the Levee. We shall get down there about the time he has finished that bit of private conversation. Come!"

Tossing off what remained of our "cobblers" without the intervention of the straw, we paid the score, passed out into the street, and turned towards the flat-boat landing.

The lawyer had guessed the time truly. As we advanced along the line of shop fronts, we came once more in sight of him in the ruffled shirt, and sky-blue cottonades.

He was just parting with Black, who, having received his intructions, hurried back to the cotton-boat. Bradley, himself, came crossing towards the houses, on his way to an hotel, which proving to be the "St. Charles," once more made good the conjectures of my companion.

As we dogged him up Poydras street, into the great domed hostelry of "St. Charles," he little dreamt that the spies of justice were treading so close upon his heels.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DEPOSITIONS.

I was curious to know what would be the next step in the strategy of the New Orleans lawyer.

I was not left long to speculate upon it.

"Now," he said, hurrying off once more in the direction of the Levee, "I want a man willing to buy 200 bales of cotton, without losing any time, or making cavil as to price."

"You will not find such a man, I should think."

"I will, and in ten minutes' time, if I mistake not. Come along, and see."

After passing two or three blocks, in less than the time stipulated my chaperone entered the door of a large warehouse-like building, on the front of which appeared, painted in large black letters—"CHEETHAM, COTTON BROKER."

I had just deciphered them, as Mr. Sawyer came out, bringing the cotton broker along with him.

After hastily introducing me to Mr. Cheetham, the lawyer led off through the street, in the direction of his office, my new acquaintance and myself close following.

The office was not far off, and we were soon inside it.

Mr. Cheetham was told the reason why he had been dragged from his desk; and, for the third time, making good the words of my singular companion, at once consented to make purchase of the cotton.

I was not much surprised at this, having taken part in the explanation.

Of course, the cotton-broker was told the whole story, and the scheme by which the pirates were to be punished.

I was far more astonished at the matter-of-fact manner in which Mr. Cheetham listened to the details of the piracy, and the suspected assassination of the negroes, events which, to me, seemed tragical enough to startle the coldest imagination.

But I knew it was only caused by the commonness of such crimes, in a land then almost lawless, and not by any want of feeling on the part of Mr. Cheetham. On the contrary, he entered warmly into our scheme for the conviction of the malefactors.

While we were still discussing it, a man entered the outer door, and soon after protruded his face inside that of the office.

It was the detective we had left on the Levee.

"Well, Riggs!" asked the lawyer, "what movement?"

"Thar rollin' the cotton ashore."

"Good! we must go and buy it."

"You'll have to be quick then. They've engaged a lot o' drays. I reckin they're about takin' it to a storage."

The lawyer seemed to reflect.

"After all, let them," he said; we can follow it there. But no," he continued, after another spell of considering, "you must see it, Cheetham, as it comes out of the boat. If you go too soon, to where they are storing it, it might cause suspicion. Your best way is to go over to the wharf, and ask for a sample of the cotton. Say you are ready to buy, and then you will ascertain who has the selling of it. After that, you can conclude the bargain, anywhere, at the hotel, if Mr. Bradley should prefer it. Meanwhile, I must be off to a magistrate, and get out a warrant against the fellows upon the flat, lest they give us the slip as soon as their ark is empty. Riggs! you first show Mr. Cheetham the cotton, then take a coach to the St. Louis hotel, ask for Mr. Henry Woodley, and tell him and his brother to come here at once. After that, coach it back to the wharf, and see where they are taking the stuff to. You can follow the drays at a distance; and don't be seen in company with Mr. Cheetham. Old birds, such as these appear to be, may scent the lime about you. Go, Cheetham, buy the cotton. Pay what price you please—on a credit. But don't pay for it till you draw upon me for the money!"

Smiling at this jocular instruction, the cotton-broker went off to obey it, Riggs going along to point out the commodity he was to purchase.

"Now, sir," said the lawyer, turning to me, "I shall want your assistance—the most important of all. Without it, our case might come to nothing. We must wait for the Woodleys. Walter can make the charge, as the owner of the cotton and the negroes, God help us. Henry's testimony won't be worth much; still, it will strengthen the depositions that you are able to make. Once we get the lot in limbo, we shall find plenty of evidence. We shall make a trip to the Devil's Island, and see what's at the bottom of that bayou. It's horrible to think of it. Take a cigar, and let's talk about something else."

I did as desired; and lighting our cigars, we conversed upon lighter subjects.

In due time, the Woodleys made their appearance; and we all went to the office of an alderman.

The depositions were formally made, and we obtained a warrant for Black, Stinger, and the third individual, whose name was unknown. We regretted not being able to include the name of Nathaniel Bradley; but we hoped soon to return to the seat of justice, better provided with data for an affidavit.

The alderman was asked to keep our secret, until the time came for committal; which, of course, he promised to do; and we went back to the office of the attorney, to await the action of Cheetham.

We had not been there very many minutes, when the cotton-broker came in.

His countenance betokened success.

"Well?" inquired Sawyer.

"I've bought it—every bale."

"From whom?"

"From planter Nat Bradley."

"Cheap?" jokingly asked the lawyer.

"So cheap, that I wish it was a *bona fide* purchase. I found Mr. Bradley by no means exacting as to price. He closed with my first bid. I've to meet him at the 'St. Charles' to-morrow morning, and pay down the cash. Meanwhile, the cotton is being sent to the Empire Press, subject to my orders after it is paid for. I suppose you have no objection to that, Mr. Woodley?"

"Not the slightest," replied the Tennessean planter, "so long as I can recover it."

"Now, gentlemen!" said Sawyer, "I want you all to go with me to the alderman's office; but let us scatter, and march, two, two, and one. Five such formidable people traversing the streets together, might look as if we intended storming the municipality. Cheetham, you know the place. Take Mr. Henry Woodley; you, sir," continued the lawyer, addressing himself to me, "have not forgotten the way. May I request you to become the guide of your friend, Walter. As for myself, you will find me at the fountain of justice."

We parted from the lawyer's office, going as directed; and soon after, returned to it, armed with the authority we sought.

That night, Nathaniel Bradley, William Black, James Stinger, and a man whose name we were able to insert into the warrant, as Lemuel Croucher, and whose condition we discovered to be that of overseer on the aforesaid Bradley's plantation, found lodgings in the common calaboose of the Crescent City.

I shall not weary the patience of my reader with the details of the trial that followed. Enough for him to know that we succeeded in securing a conviction against all four of the accused.

They were convicted not only of piracy, but murder, of which we found the proofs, alas! too clear.

In dragging the bayou to strengthen our testimony with the scraps of cotton bagging I had seen the pirate sink below the surface, an appalling object was brought up on the prongs of the drag—the body of a negro, that had been kept at anchor below by a huge stone tied round the neck!

The man's face was disfigured by the slashes of a knife, but not so much as to hinder Walter Woodley from identifying him as one of the four who had been sent to assist in the navigation of the flat.

There was a bullet hole through his breast, no doubt from the shot I had heard fired when half asleep, followed by the death-shriek that so long rang in my ears.

We searched for the other three—dragging the whole lagoon, as well as the strait that led into it. They could not be found.

In all likelihood the bodies had been sunk in the main channel of the river—a safer place of concealment.

Why one had been brought up the bayou we could not tell.

Perhaps, however, he had been killed outside, and allowed to lie upon the flat, for the want of time at turning out of the current to dispose of his body by flinging it overboard!

We succeeded in fishing up the bundles of cotton bagging that carried the Woodley mark; and along with them, two other lots of older date, and bearing different brands. One set of them was gone to rottenness and rags; on the other could still be deciphered a name and mark that led to its identification.

It had covered the cotton of that missing boat belonging to the Arkansas planter, of which Henry Woodley had heard.

How many of these horrid tragedies had been enacted, it was impossible to say; but certainly one every year.

No wonder then was it that planter Bradley became rapidly rich.

No wonder that the Devil's Island was deemed a haunted spot, inspiring terror among the black-skinned creatures who had occasion to go near it.

To many its gloomy lagoon, or the swift current sweeping round it, had proved more destructive than the fancied demon of their superstitious fears.

* * * * *

We had no difficulty in making the case clear against the pirates; but although we proved them guilty of the double crime—robbery and murder—to say nothing of the attempt at assassinating myself—the severest sentence that could be obtained was the penitentiary for life.

Bradley did not submit long to his confinement. In less than a year afterwards I heard that he had put an end to his life by poison.

As to Black, Stinger, and Croucher, for what I know to the contrary, all three may be still inside the strong walls of the Louisiana State Prison Penitentiary, working out their tedious term of compulsory penitence.

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I might turn to other themes, and describe scenes of a much more tranquil character. But, no doubt, by this time the reader is tired of my narrative.

He will not care to listen to that oft-told tale—the old, old story, as I told it to Cornelia Woodley.

She listened to it—believed it, and said "Yes." (THE END.)

Commencement at Antioch College.

BY ZIG.

DEAR POST:—Did you ever hear of Antioch College? It is an institution out here in Ohio at Yellow Springs. Antioch College is Zig's Alma Mater, and Zig devoutly believes there is not its equal in the universal world. It is the college founded, as all Yankee folks know, by Horace Mann.

Years and years ago, please don't ask me to say exactly *how* many, when your correspondent was a little girl, there came to the school girls and school boys of our academy word that a grand institution of learning was to be established up towards the central part of the state, a school where young gentlemen and ladies *both* might obtain a regular classical education, and graduate together as *Bachelors* of Art. The course of study was to be just the same in all respects as that of first class colleges whose doors had hitherto been open to boys alone. The training was to be severe and thorough, the faculty was to be the very best obtainable in the land, and the president was to be Horace Mann. The college was to be located at one of the most beautiful spots in all Ohio, at Yellow Springs, in Greene county. A sort of quiet, select, old-fashioned watering place is Yellow Springs, so named on account of its somewhat celebrated "iron spring." This is a medicinal spring, holding iron in solution. To the eye, its water is perfectly pure and sparkling as crystal, to the taste delightful, and even to the ear it appeals with a sweet, bubbling sound, like "a cooling fountain in a weary land." It gushes out toward the top of a little hill, and scatters down over the hill-side, permeating the soil, rocks and leaves, and turning them of a deep, rich, soft brown color. In truth this color of the earth and rocks hereabouts is faintly suggestive of that awful stuff which the doctor makes you take when he tells you "your system needs iron." But you will find that iron is anything but bad to take, if you drink the water of the Yellow Spring. All about the foot of this brown hill-side the students gather what they call "specimens," that is to say, petrified leaves and twigs which are centuries old, and have lain in this iron-rust water, until themselves look exactly like solidified iron-rust. And all the landscape surrounding the village of Yellow Springs is beautiful as an artist's dream.

But it was not the landscape about which I commenced to tell you, nor the iron spring, nor the "Glen," with its fascinating interest to the geological student, with its evergreen shade, its water-cress, ferns, rocks, rare mosses, climbing columbines, and its old Indian legends. I wish you could see it all, with its bright, rippling waters and its "Cascade." Altogether it would seem to you a realization of the idea of perfect rest, a reminiscence of the Garden of Eden. Indeed, if I should undertake to tell you of all the beautiful things which an admirer of nature would see at Yellow Springs, I would scribble right along for six months, and then stop, not because I had exhausted the subject, but from sheer weariness.

Well, the word came to us school children about this grand, new institution, which was to be named Antioch College. We all said, every boy and girl of us, that we meant to go there and graduate as soon as we should be old enough to go away to school.

More winged years sped by. The new school had really commenced,—a band of academy boys and girls still talked of going to college, but the band became smaller, the number fewer with each year. At last, out of all those who had intended to go to school at Antioch, there was left of us just one class of seven. I remember how we seven studied "Parker's Aid to English Composition" that year. We were the most harmonious Mutual Admiration Society you ever saw, we seven. We all believed supremely in ourselves and in each of our classmates. Ah me! We have lost the faith since then.

"Parker's Aid" tipped with wings our literary aspirations, taught us how to make enigmas, riddles, conundrums, showed us how to write essays, paraphrases, and criticisms, and bless you! it even furnished the inspiration which transmuted us, for the time being, into poets. I wish we only could believe in ourselves as heartily to-day!

Did the seven graduate at Antioch? My father once told me that when I set about any work which required time and labor for its accomplishment, I should do every thing in my power to bring about success, then wait patiently, and if, finally, I realized one-fifth of what, in the beginning, seemed only reasonable expectations, I ought to be satisfied that I had done well. To one who is very young, it will seem but a sorry rule. I laughed when I heard it, I remember. Yet it is a true rule, deduced from the generalizations of practical knowledge. Elderly folks believe in it, and young people must learn it before they can begin to solve the mysterious algebra of human life.

But upon my honor I did *not* mean to preach. Did the seven graduate at Antioch? One did. Another graduated elsewhere. So that out of the seven, two, in a measure, did what they expected to do. As to the solitary one who at last did go to Yellow Springs, sadly and alone, with no merry academy classmate to bear her company, in the language of the Reverend Cleophilus Briggs, when he makes his celebrated impromptu speeches at Sunday-school pic-nics, "That little ragged boy stands before you." And that is how it happens that Antioch College is Zig's beloved Alma Mater.

But I wish it had been the Alma Mater of more of the seven academy classmates. I shall never cease to wish that, I suppose, though I live to be a hundred and fifty years old.

Of our class at Antioch, however, there was still the charmed number, seven. Seven of us, five boys and two girls. And our commencement was just seven years ago. In the Alumni Book they call us the Class of '61. But the college seven didn't think themselves half such geniuses as the academy seven had done. I should think not! Five or six years of tugging at languages and sweating over mathematics, (if I were a gentleman I dare say I should change one letter in the last word but two,) of poring over history, of delving even a very little way into the wonders of natural science, all this is rather apt to take the starch of conceit pretty well out of one. The Class of '61 found it so, at least. A very limp seven we considered ourselves, when at last our course of study was ended, and it was our commencement day.

I said there were seven of us. Well, there are only six now. It is a very sad thing for us to think about. The angel of death bent his head and held out his arms one day, and carried away the very brightest and best one of us all. How tenderly we shall always remember that one! He was a genius, the professors said, and I am sure his classmates all agreed with the professors. He had a thin face, a pale forehead, and a steady, gentle eye, so like himself, steady and gentle to the last. Seven years ago this twenty-sixth of June, he pronounced his graduating oration in the college chapel. It commenced with this sentence, full, strong and clear:

"The law of nature is Conflict."

That sentence was the key to his character. He believed that the Christian life is "a combat, not a hymn." So he fought his battle worthily, and entered early into the perfect rest. God give us that we six meet him on the other side!

This letter is headed "Commencement at Antioch College." I meant to tell you about the last commencement, June, 1868. 'Deed I did. I thought to send you, kind POST, a regular reportorial account of the commencement exercises, in an orderly, business-like sort of way. I cannot do it. Forgive me that the dear old memories of my school days *will* come crowding back. Forgive me that my hard old heart *must* stray back into the beloved, familiar paths, and lag behind my will. You will bear me witness that I am not particularly spooney or sentimental usually.

The president and faculty of this institution religiously live up to the principle which is the foundation-stone of Antioch College, and that is—the equal education of the sexes. Young ladies and gentlemen recite in the same classes, take part together in the same public exercises, and the standard of merit in their studies is exactly the same for both. The young ladies who read THE POST will appreciate the pride and pleasure which it gives me to record the fact that if there be any difference in the respective merits of the genders as regards proficiency in the course of study, the difference is rather in favor of the girls. The college faculty themselves certify to this fact. Somehow the girls seem to feel that they have more at stake than the boys in this trial of mental power.

One of the young ladies who graduated this year has gone farther and is more thorough in mathematics than any student who ever graduated at Antioch. The college course is, to some extent, elective, the young lady in question elected mathematics, with the above fortunate result. The statement has especial weight when we remember that one of Antioch's graduates now holds a prominent position in the National Observatory at Washington.

I hope I have the mathematical young lady's pardon for thus bringing her into public notice. I haven't told her name, you know. I don't mean to tell it, either, for the matter of that, only I couldn't help mentioning, for the happiness it will afford all earnest women, how much she had accomplished in the most abstruse of sciences.

But you will open your eyes when you hear to what use this noble young lady talks of putting her mathematical knowledge. She doesn't expect to bury it in one of the back garrets of her brain, and let it moulder and cobweb over with the advancing years. Not she. What will you say when I tell you that this young lady, graceful, womanly, and refined as any in America, has made up her mind to become a practical civil engineer! And besides her rare mental attainments being blest with perfect physical health, she will be eminently successful in her chosen profession. Moreover, being entirely lady-like and dignified in her manners, she cannot but disarm prejudice and win friends wherever she goes. Heaven speed her!

Didn't I say you would make great eyes when you heard it? And don't you think this lady will spend her time rather more profitably than if she should go travelling over the country as a public scolder of men? She has found the true sword to cleave the Gordian knot of this woman question.

Three ladies and two gentlemen graduated at Antioch this June. The gentlemen bore their part well in the Commencement exercises, of *course*. If this letter were not so long already, I should speak more particularly of the two masculine graduates; but I have not room to mention both them and the ladies; so, since I confess to feeling a deeper interest in the feminine side of the house, just at this time, I hope for once I may be allowed to skip the gentlemen. It is not my habit, commonly. Oh dear *no!*

I felt so proud of the three white-dressed, healthy-looking girls who graduated that day. These three don't leave school candidates for a long course at the doctor's hands. No indeed. They will not commence their work in the world with shattered nerves and broken-down health. To me, watching them with eyes so intently eager that I would fain look beyond the three dear, noble girls, into the happy, busy future which we all hope may be theirs, this was the brightest part of it all. For I know their bodies will allow them to use their minds. You can well imagine with what a quick, happy heart-throb I listened to their voices echoing through the large college-chapel, clear and rich, away back to where I sat under the gallery, every word coming to the ear with a sweet, perfect distinctness, very different from the shabby, incoherent mumbling which fashionable-seminary young ladies occasionally inflict upon us, when they make a burlesque of reading their commencement themes in public.

The first young lady who read had named her essay—"Educational Value of the Natural Sciences." The subject was handled well and thoroughly. The next one was the young lady who had accomplished so much in mathematics. True to her mathematical instincts, she made choice of the subject—"Newton and the Law of Universal Gravitation." The last young lady's essay was about "Re-actions." I wish you could have heard that. It was a marvel to me how these girls, so young and bright-eyed, could have thought so far and so deeply. There was not the slightest trace of anything school-girlish or feeble in their essays. They had a tone as of the steady, earnest thinker of years. It can only be owing to the magical influence of thorough training under the best of professors, I think.

"Re-actions" treated in particular of social reactions. Under the metaphor of a vibrating pendulum, it showed how, if society swing apart from the pure vertical line of justice on one side, it must swing out just as far to the opposite side, before it can return to its proper equilibrium. This idea was illustrated especially by the excesses, on both sides of the vertical, of the Old French Revolution. It closed by expressing the hope and the belief that, in God's good time, civilization will advance with steady move—swerving neither to the right nor the left of the true vertical.

God grant that it may be so! prays every one of us.

After the graduates' themes came the conferring of degrees, and the baccalaureate address, by Antioch's noble president, Dr. G. W. Hosmer, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y. Every student speaks of him in terms of the utmost love and reverence. His heart was in his eyes and in his speech as he presented the diplomas, with kindly, loving words for the past, and beautiful, hopeful words for the future.

I fear lest I may be accused of being a paid advertising agent of Antioch College. I dread lest I be charged with preparing a wholesale dish of blarney for this special occasion. Now, I don't like blarney. I never did like it. I protest against every shape and form of blarney. So, lest you call me a wicked *blarneyist*, I shall not write the half that my heart wishes me to write about the students, faculty, and president of my Alma Mater.

But I will tell you of a wonderfully pleasant event which happened in the college-chapel next day after Commencement. You remember the young lady whose theme was "Reactions." Well, she was married next day, by Pres. Hosmer, assisted by Rev. Dr. Craig, to a gentleman who graduated from Antioch one year ago. This wedding was rather unexpected to most of us, but after all, it was only the perfectly natural and reasonable *reaction* after four years of hard study. The readers of THE POST will wish her joy, with all the rest of us.

As I have told you, I am no advertising agent for Antioch College. I have written thus much in her praise only because I could not help it. For I love her as I love my life. And if, in conclusion, I may say one little word to young ladies in particular, then I will promise to be silent about Antioch for the present.

If you are ambitious to secure an education equal to the highest which can be obtained in this country, Antioch will be the place for you. I shall receive no advertising fee for telling you that if you wish to pursue a course of study which will help you to be thorough, earnest, and useful, at the same time that you will be under the refining, wholesome influence of wise teachers, and of the good, gracious lady who is matron; then again—Antioch is the place for you. If you graduate from there, it will not be with an infinitesimal atom of algebra, a smattering of French, a term or two of Latin, and just no English at all. Antioch holds out no inducement to smatterers.

But I will venture a prophecy as I close this letter:—We shall hear more of the girls who graduated at Antioch this summer.

* * * * * *

Commencement is over; the students are leaving. It is time to go home. So at six o'clock in the bright summer morning, we leave Yellow Springs. The bell rings—we wave our handkerchiefs in a brief adieu—the locomotive glides round a curve—and the Commencement of 1868 is a thing of memory.

And I come back home to work. Forgive me if I come back with a little forlorn-feeling at my heart. It will soon be over. I revive something of last week's joy, as I write it all out for my dear POST, and sign myself,

Faithfully, ZIG.

Sham Wines.

When consular agent at Rheims, I legalized many an invoice of "Madeira," "Sherry," "Port," "fine old Cognac," and the "best Holland Gin," and of all sorts of *liqueurs*, "Chartreuse," "Curacoa," and "Kirsch," exported to the United States from Epernay, by an expert manufacturer of that place. I had reason to believe that within his extensive premises he had brought together the vinous powers of production of the whole world, and could, without travelling beyond his own walls, summon at his call the rich cordial of the Alps, fiery spirit of the Low Countries, the wine of the Cape, the *liqueur* of the Antilles, or the products of any other quarter of the globe. In fact, it is no secret in Champagne that this ingenious and wealthy manufacturer, whose success has been commensurate with his wondrous enterprise, has virtually abolished all the geographical divisions of the earth, and recognizing their diversity only in name and idea, produces within his own inclosure any wine, spirit, or *liqueur* a customer may demand. I know by name his agent in the United States, and I would no more think of drinking of his vari-colored bottles than I would of those of an apothecary's shop.—"*The Champagne Country*," *by H. Tones.*

☞ A couple of neighbors became so inimical that they would not speak to each other; but one, having been converted at a camp-meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough now to shake hands with a dog."

☞ A new idea of a reptile has been developed. A future statesman in the Dearborn School, Chicago, over whose towy head some eight summers have passed, was being instructed in "object lessons" by his teacher, without the use of objects as illustrations. A *reptile* had been defined to him as "an animal that creeps" When asked for an example, he promptly and proudly replied, "*A baby!*"

☞ Protestant places of worship are increasing in all parts of France. In 1825 there were but two in Paris; now there are fifty-three.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get a large Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE WHITE SQUAW:
A TALE OF FLORIDA.

In our next number we design commencing this new story by CAPT. MAYNE REID. It will be illustrated in the style of "The Planter Pirate," which is concluded in the present paper.

Will our friends through the country please call the attention of their acquaintances to this story? We will send THE POST on trial for six months, for one dollar.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;
OR, TRYING THE WORLD.

We began in THE POST of April 4th, the above novelet by Miss Douglas.

It is the story of a young girl's adventures in "trying the world," and we think will be perused with a great deal of interest.

It will probably run through from fifteen to twenty numbers of THE POST.

ATLANTIC CITY.

A sojourn of a few days at Atlantic City, has set us to speculating relative to its advantages and its disadvantages as a place of sea-side resort.

In the first place, Atlantic City—a rather large name for a small place—has the great advantage of being the nearest sea-shore to Philadelphia. And this is a very important item. Taking the Express train of the Camden and Atlantic railway, you reach the Atlantic coast in a little over two hours. While the regular time on the accommodation trains is only three hours. Five trains are run each way daily—manifesting a commendable amount of enterprise on the part of the railway company. The cars are good and comfortable, and the railway (with the exception of forcing the passengers to show their tickets at a narrow gateway) apparently well managed.

Thus in the convenience of access, Atlantic City has some advantage over Cape May, and a great deal over Long Branch—especially as you have now to stage it all the way to the latter from Freehold; a ride which may be either pleasant, or exceedingly tiresome and unpleasant, according to the state of the weather and the direction of the wind.

You reach Atlantic City, and you find very little difference from other places of the kind in respect to the hotels. Of the two larger and more expensive hotels, the United States and the Surf House, the former is a fine and commodious building. There were very few guests there last week, and judging from a day's experience, the management of affairs might be a good deal better and more generous. We left, simply because we found we could get better accommodations elsewhere, both in respect to rooms and food, at two-thirds of the price. The Surf House we did not visit. Then there are second-class houses, so far as size and pretension and prices are concerned, such as the Seaside House and the Chalfonte, which are well patronized by a very refined and intelligent class of people.

But Atlantic City has its disadvantages—and the most serious of these is the sand-bar which has formed almost the whole distance along the ocean front of the city. We doubt whether there is more than about a square of really good bathing-ground at the whole place; and that is to the south, somewhat below the Surf House. At all other places, the force of the waves is entirely spent at low tide, and in a great degree even at high tide, upon this sand-bar. The waves at low tide roll in with about as much force as they do on the shores of the Delaware river.

Of course for timid people, who like to bathe in a good-sized washtub, or in a "saucer"—as we heard one gentleman say—Atlantic City, at low tide, is the very place; except that the water often deepens too suddenly. But for those who enjoy the dash and roll of the wild waves, they must take some trouble to find them at Atlantic City.

What the result will be, of course no one can tell. A great storm may some fortunate hour, wash this sand-bar away. But the probability is, judging from the general character of the coast, that it will go on growing larger and larger, until a long outside beach is formed, and Atlantic City is completely shut out from the ocean breakers. Let us hope, however, for better things.

In conclusion, we may say, that owing to its easiness of access, and the freshness and salubrity of its air, Atlantic City possesses many advantages as a place of summer resort for Philadelphians. And if our citizens generally, would take more advantage of them, it would be better for themselves and their children. Even a single day at the sea-side, is often productive of good. For the change of air and scene is so great that it refreshes both body and mind in a marvellous degree. And it is neither time nor money wasted to do that which renews the energy of the spirit, and imparts fresh vitality to the exhausted frame.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM THE OAK TO THE OLIVE. A Plain Record of a Pleasant Journey. By JULIA WARD HOWE. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE CRUISE OF THE DASHAWAY. One of the Helping Hand Series. By MARY MANNERING. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

UPSIDE DOWN; OR, WILL AND WORK. By ROSA ABBOTT. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

DOTTY DIMPLE AT HOME. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

FARM TALK. A series of articles in the colloquial style, illustrating various common Farm Topics. BY GEORGE E. BRACKETT, Belfast, Maine. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

HENRY POWERS, (BANKER). A Novel. By RICHARD B. KIMBALL, author of "Saint Leger," &c., &c. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

JOSH BILLINGS ON ICE, and other things. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD; and its effect on the organization of Men and Animals. By JEAN MACE. Translated from the eighth French edition, by Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE SERVANTS OF THE STOMACH. By JEAN MACE, author of "The History of a Mouthful of Bread," "Home Fairy Tales," &c., &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, author of "Birds of Prey," "Aurora Floyd," &c., &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

ON NURSES AND NURSING; with special reference to the management of sick women. By Dr. H. R. STORER. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

WAS IT A GHOST? An extraordinary narrative. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Phila.

THE PATRIARCHS, KINGS AND PROPHETS, or, Questions on select portions of the Old Testament. Published by Henry Hoyt, Boston.

ISLAND OF THE GIANT FAIRIES. By JAMES CHALLEN. Published by Howard Challen, 1308 Chestnut street, Phila.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER, AND AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. July, 1868. Published by Shermerhorn & Co., New York.

Speed of the Senses.

A recent number of the Galaxy contains the following interesting article:—There are thirty-one pairs of compound nerves in the human body, the sensory and motor fibres of which are so commingled as to render it an impossible undertaking to separate them by any means at present known. Now if, for instance, a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibres takes the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. The command goes out to "draw the finger away." The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root, and thence through the motor fibres of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nerve fluid travels; and other observers have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of many deliberations, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of about ninety-seven and one-tenth feet in a second. Now electricity travels with a speed exceeding 1,200,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,000,000. A shooting star moves with the velocity of 200,000 feet in a second, and the earth in its orbit around the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second, an eagle 180, and a locomotive 95. We thus perceive the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed. A fact, which among many others, serves to indicate its non-identity with electricity.

Professor Donders, of Utrecht, Holland, has recently been making some experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting. By means of two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noematachometer, he promises some important details. For the present he announces that a simple idea requires the brain to act for sixty-seven one thousandths of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that by means of these instruments we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental calibre of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses, for vestries, for trustees of colleges, for merchants in want of book-keepers, in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make!

For the eye to receive an impression requires seventy-seven one-thousandths of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, one hundred and forty-nine one-thousandths of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly twice the rapidity of the ear.

A MANLY HUSBAND.—A gentleman and his wife were on the steamer City of Boston the other night when run down by the State of New York. He grasped a life preserver and fastened it about his vigorous frame. His wife, anxious to escape, for at that time they did not know the extent of the injury, was crying for one of those articles of preservation. Her lord silenced her with—"Don't make such a fuss about it. Perhaps you will get one before long." A gentleman near by took his off and gave it to the weeping lady. The scene will be appreciated when it is stated that all on board the steamer were expecting that she would immediately sink.

The Working Bee.

Towards the end of March the workers embrace every opportunity to carry home "bee-bread"—the pollen or bloom-dust of flowers—as this is required as food for the young, which are now requiring much attention.

As the queen lays all the eggs that produce the three sorts of bees, everything depends upon her health and fecundity. In the height of the season the number of eggs laid in a single day amounts to several hundreds, and this for weeks together.

Reaumur states that a healthy queen will lay 12,000 eggs in twenty-four days. This may be rather a high figure. I once made a careful observation upon the increase of a good hive, with the following result:

In the year 1844 I hived a swarm on the 23d of May. The swarm consisted of 25,000 bees. On the 3d of July, a maiden swarm (a swarm from a swarm) came off numbering about 20,500. On the 15th of July there was a second swarm of about 10,500 bees. Reckoning the bees still remaining in the hive, with those lost by death, at 9,000, we have a total of 40,000. From these take the original swarm of 25,000, and 15,000 will remain to be accounted for. There must have been hatched in thirty-three days, as could be easily shown; thus showing a figure nearly approaching Reaumur's high estimate of 500 a day.

During April the bees are not likely to do much towards storing. They find work enough to "hold their own" and attend to the brood. I once had a hive that increased in weight fourteen pounds, from April 17th to 24th; but this is a very rare occurrence. Should a hive with a good healthy queen require feeding at this season, feed liberally.

About this time, a hive that is weak through the imperfections of the queen, is likely to suffer "a desertion." In this case the few remaining bees, accompanied by the queen, forsake the hive, leaving only the empty combs. It not unfrequently happens that this small and forlorn community enters another hive in the same apiary.

Towards the end of May, the drones having become numerous, and the hive nearly full of workers, "the musicians of the queen's band" find plenty to do, in fanning their wings to lower the temperature of the hive, and show their pleasure at the successful operations going on within.

The crowded state of the hive may now cause the bees to "swarm." Within the whole range of instinctive operations, what is more remarkable than a swarm of bees? Thousands of bees, that yesterday would have died in battle or starved themselves to death in defence of the tenderly-nursed brood, will to-day leave them all without the slightest hesitation, fully bent upon their "new move."

The bees that leave the hive before the queen, move off in a stately march, as if conscious that their choicest treasure remained behind. After the queen has left, the rush made by the rest of the swarm is remarkable. It is then all "who shall be first?" Whether the queen leaves the hive of her own accord, or whether she is compelled to do so by the workers, is a disputed point. I once saw the queen on the platform, and as she attempted to return to the hive, the workers forced her to take wing; but a solitary case proves nothing. The bees, if they like their new home, begin to work without delay.

On the 9th of July, 1859, I put a swarm of about 24,000 bees into a hive with the combs already made, and they stored a pound of honey the same afternoon.

Bees swarm at various times and seasons. I have had a swarm as early as the 30th of April, and as late as the 23d of September. One has left the hive at 7.45 A. M.; another at 4.48 P. M. One swarm has consisted of no more than 5,000 bees; another could boast of an army of colonists, 27,000 strong.

Notwithstanding the decision of bee-writers to the contrary, I had had a good swarm two days before the appearance of drones; and I have also had a swarm that did not leave the parent stock till the drones had appeared sixty-five days.

Honey-collecting is about as much dependent upon the weather, as hay-making. I have known a nice swarm, after having improved every opportunity, starved to death at the end of three months; and I have had a swarm which collected five and a half pounds of honey in one day, and at the end of five days had reached the weight of a good winter's stock.

Hundreds of times, including almost every possible variety of circumstance, I have weighed bees, and do not doubt but the result would surprise the apiarist as well as the general reader. For instance—The weather being hot, with a clear sky and calm air, a good hive increases in weight three pounds daily. The day following is equally hot, but thick clouds pass over the face of the sun every few minutes, and the increase in weight is only a quarter of a pound daily. But notwithstanding this, a clouded sky sometimes proves an advantage. A striking instance of this kind happened in August, 1853, a hive dropping suddenly from three pounds a day increase to nothing, solely on account of the weather becoming very bright and drying. A bountiful honeydew being the chief source of supply, affords the explanation.

If you interrupt bees in their work they will accommodate themselves to circumstances in a most interesting manner. If you contract the hive, they will at once contract the size of the cells to meet the difficulty. If you break a piece of comb, and make it lean on one side, they at once throw across buttresses to keep it in position; I have made them do this, and almost given the "wise folk" credit for something beyond instinct.

The manner in which bees communicate their plans to each other is amongst the most noteworthy of their "doings." Place a piece of honeycomb or other tempting bait at the distance of ten or twelve yards from the apiary. A solitary bee shall first be attracted, and, having satisfied itself, shall return to the hive. From this hive, in a few seconds, the bees will come out in an excited manner and off to the newly-discovered treasure, whilst the bees in the other hives remain undisturbed till similarly enlightened by some member of their own community. I once hived a swarm, and shortly afterwards another swarm attempted to find a home in the same hive. The greater part of the second swarm clustered around the outside; and, learning that the population would be too great, I tried to separate the swarms, and so far succeeded that they occupied two hives the remainder of the day. At night they were placed as two distinct swarms, with several hives of bees between them; early on the following morning the bees left one of the hives in a very matter-of-fact sort of manner, and I expected them to return to the parent stock, but was not a little surprised to find that they had discovered the whereabouts of the other swarm, which they soon joined without molestation.

The manner in which the workers treat the drones is interesting. In the economy of the bee nothing has puzzled naturalists more than the use of so many drones in the community. The highest number of drones in a hive is estimated at 2,000, but with my own hand, I have killed 2,900 in one family, and need hardly say that I failed to secure the whole brood. The drones live upon the fat of the land, and are never satisfied with less than a plenty. They fly abroad in the hotter part of every fine day, and seem to enjoy their life of ease and pleasure as much as any human drones ever do. The workers are very fond of the drones as long as they feel their presence to be necessary. Towards the close of the honey-season the case alters, and the poor creatures are found to be in the way. First, they are treated with disrespect; but this is soon followed by more visible marks of displeasure. The workers begin their determined attack upon the drones by hunting them away from the open cells of honey, and forcing them into some corner of the hive where they can find no food. Sometimes, if the weather should prove unfavorable for getting abroad, the poor creatures remain in their barren position so long that they are unable to fly when the weather permits their going out. In such case (which is not common,) they may be seen crawling upon the ground in front of the hive by hundreds. In fine weather, and owing to the strength of the drones, the workers (most of them being in the field) cannot confine them, and they keep leaving the hives and returning, to the sad annoyance of their foes. At length, the bees, losing all patience, resort to their stings, and then the poor drones fall an easy prey.

J. B.

Brazilian Diamonds.

The true nature of the diamonds found in the Brazils was long unsuspected, and they were thrown away, or used as counters for card-players; but when it got to be known, the government took forcible possession of the land where they were found, and declared the diamond-trade a monopoly, and themselves the exclusive proprietors. The yield, during the first fifty years, was so enormous that it reduced the value of diamonds all over the world by one-half. It was the veritable Tom Tiddler's Ground. More gold was abandoned to the slaves, as unworthy of attention. Children, after the rains, collected the grains of it which lay strewn over their path. The crops of all fowls killed were carefully examined, and often found to contain diamonds. The Goose with the Golden Eggs would have been treated with scorn. A negro once found a stone of five carats adhering to the roots of a cabbage he had plucked for dinner. Think of looking for a cabbage, and finding five carats sticking to it! This excessive harvest of wealth has long since ceased. The most productive district, at the present time, is that of Matto Grosso, in the vicinity of the town of Diamantina. When a slave finds a diamond of eighteen carats, he receives his freedom, and is led, crowned with flowers, to the proprietor; while, for smaller stones, proportionate rewards are given. Thefts, however, are very common; sometimes the slave, under the very eye of the overseer, conceals a stone in his hair, mouth, or ears; sometimes between his fingers or toes; and they have even been known to throw stones away, in the hope of finding them again after nightfall.

What Men Have Died For.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsay in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an "acre of anchovies;" one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by Captain Smith for declining wine at a dinner on a steamboat, although the general pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Gowther lost his life in a duel, because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon-shooters.

In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh of the Seventy-sixth, and Captain McPherson of the Forty-second British Regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the eating was from the cob, and the other contending that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated.

Graham, Major Noah's assistant on the National Advocate, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingstone, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

The Late Hole-in-the Day.

An exchange says of the famous Indian chieftain:

"Hole-in-the-Day was one of the wealthiest men in Minnesota, his property being estimated at about $2,000,000. His duties as chief frequently called him to Washington, and upon one of his visits to that city about two years ago, while stopping at Willard's Hotel, he became fascinated with one of the pretty waiter girls of that establishment, and strange to say his passion was duly reciprocated. To make a long story short, a gay wedding was the result, and when he returned to his Minnesota home, she went with him as his bride. They took up their residence at Crow Wing, where they have since lived in fine rural style, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which money could procure.

"The death of Hole-in-the-Day is not only a calamity to his own people, but to those of the whole state. His influence has always been for good, and like that of Logan, the famous chief the Mingoes, it will live long after he shall have returned to dust.

"His wife, the waiter girl of two years ago, and who inherits one-half of her husband's vast property, will now be worth looking after."

☞ A streak of lightning entered a school in Illinois recently and took a pair of boots from a little boy's feet and hurled them at the head of the master, much to the delight of the pupils.

☞ A company has been incorporated at Cincinnati with a capital of $50,000, to manufacture hats out of paper.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Congress.—Among the notable items of last week, Mr. Stevens, of Pa., offered five additional articles of impeachment, and on his motion, they were postponed two weeks. Mr. Williams, of Pa., also said he desired to offer additional articles of impeachment, and the House gave him permission to have them printed in the Globe.

Of Mr. Stevens's articles, the first charges the President with abuse of the Government patronage; the second with a usurpation of powers in establishing provisional governments; the third with attempting to bribe the Colorado Senators, with pardoning deserters, with appointing persons to office who could not take the test oath, with restoring forfeited property, and selling or allowing to be sold, pardons for money; the fourth with depriving the treasury of large tracts of land and large amounts of money; and the fifth, with usurping powers of other branches of the Government in attempting to create new states out of conquered territory.

In the House, Mr. Schenck, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill extending until the first of January next the time for collecting direct taxes in the South. The bill was passed.

Democratic National Convention.—The Platform adopted is as follows:—It recognizes slavery and secession as settled by the war, and never to be renewed; demands the immediate restoration of all the Southern States; amnesty for all political offences; that the suffrage be left to the States; payment of the public debt in greenbacks, except where made specially payable in coin; equal taxation of property, including Government bonds; abolition of the Freedmen's Bureau, and of the inquisitorial modes of collecting revenue; tariff for revenue, and incidental protection to home industry; subordination of the military to the civil power; and equal rights and protection for native and adopted citizens.

The first day's ballots for the Presidential candidate was as follows:—Six ballots were had, Pendleton receiving 105 on the first, and 122½ on the sixth. Andrew Johnson received 45 on the first, and 21 on the sixth; Hancock 33½ on the first, and 47 on the sixth; Hendricks 2 on the first, and 30 on the sixth. New York and Pennsylvania voted straight for Church and Packer throughout. There being no choice, the Convention adjourned.

On the next day, the name of Mr. Pendleton was withdrawn, at that gentleman's request. On the 19th, 20th and 21st ballots, Hancock led, followed closely by Hendricks, who received 132 votes, Hancock getting 135½. On the 22d ballot, Ohio nominated Horatio Seymour, of New York, and cast her vote for him. Mr. Seymour declined the honor, but his nomination was insisted upon, and every state delegation in turn cast its vote for him, amid the greatest enthusiasm. The full vote of the Convention was then announced for Seymour. Nominations for a Vice Presidential candidate were then made. Generals Dodge, Ewing, McClernand and Gen. Francis P. Blair, of Mo., were put in nomination, but all, except Blair, were subsequently withdrawn, and Gen. Blair received the full vote of the Convention. After appointing a committee to wait upon the nominees, the Convention adjourned.

A Commercial View of the Crops.—The Cincinnati Price Current, of the 1st instant, thus speaks of the wheat harvest and other crops: "Wheat has been harvested, pretty generally, in all the states south of the Ohio river, and also in the southern portion of Illinois. The yield is not very heavy, but the quality is pretty generally highly spoken of. In portions of Indiana the weevil has been doing considerable damage, but this does not extend over a large district. The account from the entire Union, with an exception here and there, as regards the crops, are generally favorable—more generally so than has been the case for many years. The indications of an abundant corn crop are quite favorable, and should this be the case, a large increase in the pork crop may be looked for the coming season, because the supply of stock hogs will be unusually large; for not only was the supply left over from last season large, farmers not having fatted them because of the high price of corn and the comparative low price of pork, but the increase since then has been liberal, so that the number now in the Western states, it will be seen, must be unusually large.

Longfellow.—A dinner was given, in London on the 9th, in honor of Henry W. Longfellow, by the American artist, Bierstadt, at which Mr. Gladstone, Admiral Farragut, and others were present.

News Items.

Ex-Governor Orr, of South Carolina, has published an address to the people of that state, urging acquiescence in the results of Reconstruction. He favors qualified colored suffrage.

The following singular announcement appears in the London Church News:—"A Retreat of the Companions of the Love of Jesus, to be held at St. Saviour's, Osnaburgh street, London, will commence on July 13, at 5 P. M., and will close early on the morning of July 17. Ladies attending the Retreat should be provided with a cap, and silk gowns are best avoided on account of the disturbance of the rustling. The books used for prayers will be the 'Day Hours of the Church of England.' The Retreat will be under the direction of Dr. Pusey."

General Napier has been made a Peer, under the title of Lord Napier of Magdala.

Governor Bullock, of Georgia, has sent a message to the Legislature of that state, recommending that body to purge itself of those members who cannot take the test oath. His recommendation is seconded by General Meade.

The Young America Cricket Club of this city has beaten the St. George, of New York, after a two days' match. The score stood, for the Young America, 91—68; and for the St. George, 45—82.

It is stated a lady, seventy years old, in Berlin, Hardin county, Iowa, recently surprised herself, her husband, and the neighborhood, by giving birth to a lively nine pound baby.

Baron Von Beust has written a sharp note, in reply to the recent allocution on the state of religion in Austria. He says the intermeddling of the Pope with the domestic legislation of Austria is a violation of the independence and dignity of the Empire.

☞ A girl with a "ringing laugh" caused an alarm of fire in Peoria, Ill. They took her for a belle.

☞ The latest definitions of egotism are "I-hood" and "Us-ness."

THE YOUTHFUL OARSMAN.

BY A HARVARDER.

Oh! 'tis of a youthful muscleman I'm going for to tell,
And how it was at Harvard that a circumstance befell;
A thousand years ago it was—it might be more or less,
But then the date is near enough to serve a random guess—
The Latin school in Boston town did graduate a sub,
Who soon became a Freshman in the college near the Hub.

The Sophomores tormented him, and wrathily he vowed
That he would be revenged upon the supercillious crowd:
They smashed his new malacca hat, and stole his stove pipe cane,
And, just for consolation, said he shouldn't be so vain;
And then they ridiculed his threats to thrash 'em by-and-by,
Although he did look wicked in the corner of his eye.

And so, to get his muscle up, he went to Molyneaux,
And learned the noble "manly art," and after that did go
To pull the heavy rowing weights, and swing the Indian clubs;
But left the college lessons to the meaner race of scrubs,
And being quite a bashful man, of all the belles he knew,
He liked the dumb ones far the best, and so he purchased two.

He exercised and exercised through all the Freshman year,
And in his strength he soon forgot his thoughts of vengeance dear:
For dazzling hopes began to float through his ambitious brain,
That if he'd work but hard enough, he speedily might gain
Sufficient strength and muscle hard to in himself combine
The brilliant ranks of Harvard stroke and captain of the nine.

And so his young moustache in curling papers did he roll,
And stripping for the battle, worked with all his heart and soul;
And gaining strength tremendously, he speedily acquired
The astoniahing pre-eminence in muscle he desired;
But still he wasn't satisfied, for now he aimed to be
The strongest man the universe could ever hope to see.

He got so strong the students called him "Samson re-devive,"
And had the Hebrew gentleman aforesaid been alive,
He would have lost the championship, because the Harvard one
Would have ragged it right away from him, as certain as a gun.
Why! before he went in training, just to show his latent power,
Alone he pulled a six-oared scow some sixty miles an hour.

His biceps measured twenty-four, his chest some sixty-eight
Good inches in circumference, not fat, but muscle straight;
Yet still his muscles grew and grew, until they burst the skin,
Because they couldn't find enough expansion room within.
But trifles didn't stop 'em, so they grew, and grew, and grew,
And when the Yale boys saw him, oh! they looked extremely blue.

Two days before the Worcester race, a thousand against one
In favor of old Harvard did the odds at betting run,
Not only in aquatic things, but in the ball match, too,
Because our hero flourished there as well as in the crew.
But so uncertain are our hopes that in that fatal year,
In spite of all the Yale boat won, and for a reason clear.

The morning of regatta day, our hero, just to whet
His muscles for exertion, did deliberately set
At work upon the rowing weight, which weighed a hundred pound,
To pull some twenty thousand strokes, and prove himself all sound;
But now his arms had grown so big—to tell at once the worst—
Before he'd pulled ten thousand strokes, his mighty muscles burst.

He went to pieces, like the shay of single horse renown;
And as we sadly swept him up, we mournfully set down
A list of all the pieces that we found remained complete—
Some locks of hair, a skeleton, the toe nails off his feet:
But not a bit of muscle left; it all did disappear;
And now you know the reason why we lost the race that year.

And now they say the boat houses are haunted by his sprite,
Who makes a fearful racket there at twelve o'clock at night;
And people find, who go to see what makes the horrid squalls,
A *single skull* emitting *roars*, and uttering *base bawls*.
And the ghosts of all his muscles gather round the goblin there,
Alternately appearing, and then melting into air;
To explain those strange manœuvres, his muscles, I should say,
Are going into training for the Resurrection day.

MORAL.

When training for the Worcester races, I do sincerely trust
You won't allow your muscle men to go upon a bust.

☞ Mr. Burlingame says the Chinese have more books, encyclopædiæ, pamphlets, magazines, etc., than any other people. Their principal encyclopædia embraces five thousand volumes. This would seem to prove that a book education is not every thing.

Hurrah.—The origin of this exultant interjection is probably unknown to nine-tenths of those who use it. It is as old as the Sclavonic race, for aught we know, and is as commonly heard on the banks of Vistula as on those of the Hudson. From the coast of Dalmatia to Behring's Straits it is the cry of warlike assault and the shout of victory. In this country we put it to all sorts of congratulatory and defiant uses, and in its most tremendous "vocal effects" are comprehended in "three times three and a tiger." The source of the words is in the primitive oriental idea that every man who dies for his country goes to heaven—*Hu-riÿ*, the Sclavonian derivative, meaning, literally, "To Paradise."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9¼@10¾ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—1000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6 cts ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Asthma.

An Excellent Medicine.—*Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma* enjoys a well deserved reputation; its pretentions are quite modest, and its efficacy in many very severe cases, has proved its great value.

The last days of ex-President Martin Van Buren were made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy. Letters in our possession from his physician, and from Mr. Van Buren himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

Extract from the "Life of Washington Irving," by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, vol. IV. page 272:

"The doctor prescribed, as an experiment—what had been suggested by Dr. (O. W.) Holmes on his late visit—Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma," a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result."

In no case of purely Asthmatic character has it failed to give prompt relief, and in many cases a permanent cure has been effected. No danger need be apprehended from its use. An infant may take it with perfect safety. (*See Circular.*) Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, sole proprietor.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when specks of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar18-eow-tf

Holloway's Pills and Ointment are the safest and best remedies known for the whooping cough. A few doses of the Pills, with the Ointment at same time rubbed thoroughly into the chest and throat, will relieve the most violent cases.

Russia Salve.—The oldest and best.
Russia Salve.—The purest and speediest.
Russia Salve.—The cheapest and handiest.
Russia Salve.—The most widely known and surest remedy for all skin diseases and external injuries of all kinds. Sold everywhere. By mail, 35 cents. Redding & Co., Boston.

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 Cents. Three *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

je27-tf

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!
Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.
William Renne sole Proprietor, Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those brown discolorations on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

One Ounce of Gold will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—the world's great remedy for colds, coughs and consumption. jy11-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Wilson J. Kutt to Miss Williamina H. Chattin, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. Spencer Kennard, Mr. Bowen M. Cave to Miss Cornelia Knecht, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. Jacob B. Stratton to Miss Maria R. Williams, both of this city.

On the 5th of June, 1868, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Thomas Lamb to Miss Emma Holmes, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. Joseph Maxwell to Miss Amanda P. Harner, both of Germantown.

On the 8th of June, by the Rev. J. Todd, Mr. Edward Fredericks to Miss Mary G. Gumpert, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, George A. Bowers, aged 28 years.

On the 6th instant, Grace Schofield, wife of Jonathan Lodge, in her 40th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Simeon Zane.

On the 6th instant, James F. Sheridan, in his 26th year.

On the 5th instant, David G. Lentz, in his 16th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. George Halpman, in his 20th year.

On the 5th instant, Elizabeth, relict of the late John Clark, aged 60 years.

On the 4th instant, Rufus F. Mead, in his 32th year.

On the 4th instant, Sarah Cathcart, in her 60th year.

On the 3d instant, Samuel Morrow, in his 60th year.

I CANNOT FORGET THEE.

They bid me forget thee, they tell me that now
The grave damp is staining that beautiful brow:
They say that the sound of thy gay life is o'er:
Alas! shall I hear its sweet music no more?

I cannot forget thee, thy smile haunts me yet,
And thy deep earnest eyes, bright as when we first met;
Thy gay laugh returns in the silence of sleep,
And I start from my slumbers—to listen—and weep!

The spring of the desert in darkness flows on,
When the hand that has sealed its pure waters is gone;
And the eye of the stranger in vain seeks to know,
When the Arab's bright fountain is sparkling below.

So this fond heart has closed o'er the source of its tears,
O'er the love it has lived on, yet hidden for years;
Thou art gone, and another's rude hand shall in vain
Seek to bring that choked fountain to daylight again.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE;

OR,

Trying the World.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Mr. St. John at length disposed of himself on the lounge in the adjoining room. I took my seat, having turned the light to a drowsy dimness, and bathed Elsie's burning hands, now and then cooling the throbbing brow, and turning aside the clustering hair. For awhile she was quite calm, then she began to moan and murmur. I heard a step beside me. Mr. St. John looked much disturbed.

"Please do not feel distressed," I could not help saying.

"I am not utterly heartless," he returned, with a strange touch of spirit. "I cannot see you overtasking yourself—"

"Do not fear for me."

Elsie started that moment and sprang up, almost into his arms.

"Go away, Gerald," she said, "I cannot, cannot marry you. My promise has been given to another. No—don't kiss my hand even. Am I cruel? Heaven forgive me. I must suffer too; but I shall be brave to bear it."

"Elsie," I said, pressing my cheek against hers.

"Don't let him hate me! Oh, if I had known! But I never thought of his loving me. I must tear the sweet knowledge out of my heart. Gerald will never dream that I cared, and it is best—best. Oh, is any one happy in this world?"

He looked at us both. I was quivering in every nerve hardly less than she. Now that the floodgates of her soul were loosened, there was no reserve. The secret that she would confess to neither Gerald nor me, was told with all the wildness of delirium. How much she had suffered in her vain endeavor to keep to what she considered her duty, we both knew now.

It was a singular scene. The corners of the room were in shadows, the light sending its rays over the bed where she tossed and moaned, her face full of unearthly beauty, her hair glittering with every motion. The awe that always reigns at midnight affected me powerfully, and her strained, imploring voice rising to highest pathos, then dying away to convulsive sobs. Mr. St. John stood with his arms folded, his face like chiseled marble. What pang of agony rent his soul?

Presently her strength was exhausted. I gave her the remedies the doctor had prescribed, and watched for many minutes. The next few hours might decide. I scarcely breathed in my intense anxiety.

Her eyes closed, her whole system grew more calm. The fever flush began to fade into deathly whiteness. I had been told every symptom so minutely that I drew a long breath of something like relief.

An hour, perhaps, we stood there; much of the time Mr. St. John's fingers being upon her wrist. Her respiration grew easier, and it was evident she was sinking into slumber. Once or twice Mrs. Lawrence, looking like a white wraith, had approached the door, but her brother would not allow her to enter.

"Sit down," he said to me; and I obeyed without a dissenting gesture. Then, after many moments, in the same cold, clear tone—"She is better, she will live," he announced.

I saw him move to extinguish the light and open the windows. He called me by a motion of his hand, and following one of my old impulses I went.

"Did your cousin propose to Miss Carme?" he asked.

To evade would be folly. How far it was necessary to soften the pang for him, I could not tell.

"He did," I answered.

"And she rejected him?"

"Yes."

"Did you know of this before we left New York? Did *she* tell you?"

"She did. I heard it from both."

"And you allowed her to make this monstrous sacrifice! You must have known that she loved him?" he said.

"What could I do? She had already refused him; and was resolute in her endeavor to perform what she considered her duty. How could I go against her sense of right and honor?"

"Have you any tender womanly soul at all? Do you care for your fellow creatures, or are they like so many blocks of wood or stone? Both might have been saved much anguish."

"You are bitterly unjust," I said, roused as in the old times. "I did point out the course that I considered best—that she should tell you, and allow you to become the arbiter. I could do nothing more."

"A word to me would have been sufficient."

"Did you expect *me* to say that?"

I turned suddenly my face, white with the effort I made to suppress my indignation.

"Heavens! no. You would sacrifice everything to your relentless pride. What have I done that you should hate me so persistently?"

"If I had hated you, I think I could have found a better opportunity to wound. I should have rejoiced in making you suffer through your love for her."

"My love for her has not been so selfish that I should have barred her out of any dearer happiness. I shall not attempt to justify myself in your eyes, knowing that can never be. She came to me a beautiful, guileless child—at a time when I had well nigh lost my faith in all other women. I did not design to win her heart; she was so young and fresh, so unconscious of all the deeper joys of life. But one day I found, or fancied, that I had roused a deeper than friendly interest in that hitherto untroubled heart. Perhaps the consciousness of being loved, was as blissful to me as to another man."

I had no word to say, and so kept silent during the long pause he made.

"I said, perhaps God has sent this late joy to make amends for other dead hopes. I will take her to my heart and shield her from all care, worship her as men do angels. I will watch the unfolding of this pure heart; and if my name be inscribed on its innermost portals, I will cherish the gift with my whole strong soul; but if she finds that this was but a childish regard, and the deepest springs of her being are stirred, I will bless her and send her on her way. My own solitary fate I can endure."

"That was hardly love," I ventured.

"How many of us attain to our high ideal? In our early visions nothing but a royal banquet will satisfy us; later we sit down to humble fare with contented minds. I thought once that I had found the gold—instead, a glittering rock, than which no ice peak could be colder. Then I was willing to take the crumbs of daily life."

"You are not a humble man," I said, half bewildered by his tone and mannner.

"Do you know what I am? Would you know if a thousand years were given you?"

Elsie stirred and we both were beside her in a moment. She was still asleep; her pulse, though weak, was growing more regular.

Mr. St. John summoned the nurse.

"You must go now," he said to me. And I hurried away, glad to be released.

But I could not sleep. A hundred conflicting emotions made perfect chaos of my brain. Was I never to be beyond the reach of this man's influence? Would he always be able to summon my soul with a word or a look?

After an hour or two I rose, bathed my face, and arranged my hair, and went down to the breakfast-room. Mrs. Lawrence sat there alone.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Stuart said you were to sleep till noon. The doctor has been here, and thinks the worst is over with our darling."

Her eyes were full of grateful tears.

"If I had a child of my own, I couldn't love it better," she said vehemently. "I never cared so much for any human being."

I drank a cup of coffee, and then returned to Elsie's room. Mr. St. John was sitting by the window, his face bowed in his hand, but he neither spoke nor stirred.

How I lived through the day I can hardly tell. At times such a deathly sinking and strange fear rushed over me, that I could hardly breathe at all—as if I had been tortured on the rack; and in the after moment of release my whole frame throbbed with intense anguish. If I could only be at peace once again!

Elsie, though very weak and low, was out of immediate danger. For several days she lay motionless and with no desires, but in that shadowy transition state. One morning she greeted me with a faint, sweet smile.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"About a week," was my answer.

"I am so glad you came? Did I talk much?"

"Not very intelligibly;" and I laughed.

After that she began to recover rapidly; but she could hardly endure to have me out of her sight. Her clinging love was inexpressibly sweet.

"Will you give me your cousin's address?" Mr. St. John asked me one evening. "He is abroad, I believe."

I wrote it on a card and handed it to him. Since that night of our strange talk we had gone on in our usual manner; he being so self-contained that I really ceased to speculate upon him. I felt that he intended to summon Gerald back, but asked no questions.

The whole household down to the smallest servant, rejoiced at Elsie's return to health. Mr. St. John was tenderly solicitous for her comfort and pleasure; yet I felt that it was not exactly a lover's care. *Was* he capable of a grand, absorbing passion, which would bring him out of his lofty self?

After awhile Elsie's improvement ceased to be so rapid. She was well enough then to be taken out in an easy carriage. Mrs. Lawrence or I, and Mr. St. John used to accompany her. But I noticed the wistful sadness that would not infrequently steal over her face, and the longing eyes that looked into the far distance, seeing nothing. Mr. St. John watched her very closely also. I wondered within myself how it was to end.

At length I surprised her in tears.

"My darling," I exclaimed, "what has occurred to distress you?"

She leaned her head on my bosom, and wept bitterly for awhile. At last she said,

"Dear Miss Clifford, I have made my best friend miserable by my mad folly of the winter. I hate myself! I wish I had never come to Laurelwood to work such wretchedness. How did I happen to tell? All the first of my sickness I had such a horror of being delirious. That was one reason why I wanted you. I thought you would shield my fatal secret; but he heard it all."

"He could hardly help learning it, and must have suspected something by your manner, for it did make a change in you. It is better that it should be known. If you could only look upon it in this light."

"I look upon myself as a weak creature with no stability of purpose, incapable of appreciating the most generous heart that was ever bestowed upon a woman. I have been deceitful, vascillating—"

"Hush," I said, "you shall not talk so. It was a mistake that any young girl might easily fall into. You thought you loved Mr. St. John—"

"And I did, I do," she interrupted.

"If there had been no Mr. St. John in the world, how could you have felt about Gerald?"

She flushed deeply, and said with a weary sigh—

"I don't seem to understand at all. I want Mr. St. John to be happy. Instead of rendering him so, I have given him only pain, and made Gerald suffer also."

"What does Mr. St. John propose?"

"He talked to me so tenderly that it melted my heart. He will not admit that he shall be miserable in giving up the engagement, but I know no other hope will blossom to his life. Could I be happy in knowing he was sorrowful and desolate?"

"Could he be happy in knowing that the rich, spontaneous love, the best gift of a woman's heart, should in your case be another's?"

"Did you ever love any one?" she said simply, raising her head.

The blood rushed in a torrent to my face.

"Forgive me." Her voice was very humble. "It seems so strange to care for two, though."

"Does it make no difference to you whether Gerald is happy?"

"Oh, Miss Clifford, it almost kills me sometimes when I think of his pain and anguish. And when I was first sick he was in my mind continually. Do you hear from him?"

"I have heard once."

"There is some fatality about me, I believe. I wonder that any one should care so much for me."

"My darling, no one can help it."

"Mr. St. John thinks it wiser to wait. He wants me to be quite free in the meanwhile, and meet Mr. Clifford again. But Gerald will never come back. I gave him such a positive refusal."

Should I tell her what I suspected, that Gerald was already on his homeward way? I did not know that Mr. St. John had written, but I felt convinced that he designed Elsie should come to her rightful inheritance.

I talked a long while, trying to make her look at the case in its true light. She was so gentle and longed so earnestly to do right that one could hardly call her strange persistence obstinacy. She had proposed to herself a high heroic task, and if it were swept away her life at first would appear aimless.

By degrees I believe Mr. St. John brought her to a clearer mental state. She seemed merging into a sweet and noble womanhood, and began to feel that her regard for him was one of those exalted friendships, rather than a profound love. He was delicacy and tenderness itself. If he had ever treated me in this fashion—

One day he told her that he had sent for Gerald and received a telegram in return. Ere long he would be at Laurelwood.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"The deepest ice that ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close;—
The burning stream lies quick below,
And flows and cannot cease to flow."

June had brought the roses to Laurelwood in richest profusion. I used to question if any other place in the world was so beautiful. Amid all my wanderings that spot still seemed an Eden, and yet I was not happy. For I must begin my pilgrimage shortly again. Now that actual duty was over, the delay here was too dangerous and too dearly purchased.

We sat on the balcony in the late afternoon, where the westward sunshine was stealing through the swaying vines in grotesque shadows. Now and then one crowned Elsie, who had grown lovelier, if such a thing could be.

I was reading Lady Geraldine's Courtship to them, or rather had been, for now my voice paused at its ending, and there was a long silence.

"I think Sydnie is like Bertram," Elsie said slowly, as if she had been revolving the subject in her mind.

"Do you?" and Mr. St. John smiled. "Because she is so proud?"

"Yes. He was more haughty than Lady Geraldine."

"But even he relented at last."

"Does that mean Sydnie wouldn't?" she asked in a quiet tone. "And if she were in love—"

"Which she doesn't believe in."

"Oh, Sydnie, for once he is mistaken, is he not?" and her eager face with its glow of faith was turned toward me.

"I never professed to doubt," I said softly.

"It never requires open professions to test one in that respect. A little act is often sufficient."

"You don't mean that because she did not marry Mr. Channing—?"

"No, little one, I never considered that a love or even a friendship."

There was a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Well, what then? I am curious," and she glanced into his face.

"I only know that once she was very proud. Perhaps she did not love at all. I suppose she did not, but she was loved."

I listened in a kind of breathless trance.

"Oh, tell me about him. I think I am always interested more in the unhappy ones, those who have a great trial or burthen to bear."

He stooped to kiss her calm forehead.

"There was once a man who loved her. He had lived much within himself, and rather distrusted the world in general. It may be that he was piqued to find a word or glance of hers could move him so easily. In all the wide world he feared nothing but her; because when he dared to dream, which was seldom, his visions were so entrancing, that sometimes he dreaded to have them swept away at a word. After her engagement was broken, she lost her fortune, you know. He took a little courage then and offered her all that a man can give—"

"But she couldn't have refused him then, if she cared at all. It was so generous," she interrupted.

"I suppose she did not care at all; and so ends the story."

"Oh, Sydnie! I don't like it to end that way. Will he never come back to her? What became of him?"

"My little Elsie, men may be proud as well as women."

"Didn't you care a little?"

"I was poor and he rich," I said, but my voice sounded like a far off dream. My very soul seemed to stand still. That I should listen to this story now and know there was no step that I could retrace!

"He was noble and good, and I wish Sydnie had loved him."

Mrs. Lawrence sauntered out to us, and that ended the conversation. A few moments later Mr. John was summoned to the library by the arrival of a guest.

Mrs. Lawrence was very well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. "It is the only real foolish thing that I ever knew Stuart to stumble into," she said confidently to me concerning the engagement.

A servant came for Elsie. When I heard her low, glad cry I solved the mystery at once. Mr. St. John came through the hall presently.

"It is your cousin," he said, and then he went to his own room. I talked to Mrs. Lawrence long after the stars came out. I wanted to keep away from myself and the sense of loss that overwhelmed me. Why must fate bring me back to be tortured afresh. Through this new tie we would be linked together again. How would I endure it. Every nerve shrank with an intense dread.

That Elsie was supremely happy I need hardly say. After that first interview her doubts were forever set at rest, and with her peculiar delicacy she confessed that Mr. St. John had been right, and decided wisely for all.

"That St. John of yours is the noblest man alive," Gerald said to me the next morning. "He is a veritable fairy prince, though I wonder a little that Elsie should have loved me, for I cannot compare with him. I shall never be jealous, though," and a bright, happy smile illumined his face.

One wave drifts us into bliss and we are content, but we beat against the tide of sorrow continually, finding no haven of rest. We were all satisfied with the delight of these young hearts, and they settled into the rapture of lovers with hardly a thought for any one save themselves—the sweet selfishness of entire affection.

Gerald was browned by the tropical sun, but handsomer than ever. Mrs. Lawrence took him under her protection at once, and a marriage was discussed. He thought until autumn a sufficiently long probation, and Elsie really had no will of her own about it. I suspect Gerald tempted her by visions of foreign travel and Parisian operas.

All this was done in a week, and I proposed my departure. There was a general outcry, but I promised to be back at the wedding.

"If there isn't some fatality about it," Mrs. Lawrence said, and I knew my own unfortunate experiment came fresh to her mind.

"I don't see why you need go," Mr. St. John began abruptly, as we were rambling through the shady walk.

"Business and necessity call me," I returned. "My duties here seem to be all performed."

"Duty and necessity! They are hateful words for a woman. She should have some sort of love or choice. Perhaps you have?"

There was a little sneer in the bland tones. For a moment I could not make any reply.

"Haven't your many ramblings hither and thither satisfied you? This unrest, this continual search for new pleasures has been the bane of your life."

"Do you think every step I have been compelled to take has had direct reference to pleasure?" I asked almost haughtily.

"Perhaps not pleasure, but a craving for new scenes and friends. Are they better than the old? And now that you have won fame, has it made you happy?"

"That was not my sole aim. Do me the justice to believe it."

"You always had a longing to mix in the world's fray. Some say you will learn that the crowning glory of a woman's life is not so much the position she sustains to the world, as to see her love and patience reflected in the faces she meets at the fireside. But I believe you cannot be content with the quiet joys that come to others."

"Mr. St. John, you are unjust, an old fault of yours."

"I am full of faults in your eyes!" He stooped to pull a branch of larch, and then began despoiling it of its clustering needles. "You distance us in your clear sight when you become philosophers. We protest a little at being stripped of the few graces romance has invested us with."

My pulses were throbbing under the rigid control in which I held them. I would not be made angry as in those foolish old days.

"I don't see why you go! For that matter you might write a book here in these sylvan retreats, or turn poet. You are not fortuneless that you need take up school teaching."

"I did that from urgent necessity," I answered pointedly.

"No, you didn't. You had all offered you then that is ever laid at a woman's feet;" and his voice trembled with a strange excitement. "Home, fortune and love! You refused them. I can never forget the word you used—easily. Is your heart a stone?"

An almost deathly spasm came over me. My very limbs tottered, and for an instant the shady path was like blackest night. Where should I go to escape this being whose every word was torture? Then I rallied. I would fight my way out, hard as it might prove.

"I remember it," I said with a calmness that sounded terrible even to my own self. "No fortune could have bought me then, no gold ever will. And what was your love if it could be put in a few formal words? I will confess that I was proud and sensitive, sore too from the hard blow fate had given me; but even then that calm regard could not satisfy me."

"Nothing can. Nothing ever will."

There was a dreary cadence in his tone that smote me bitterly. We walked on in silence, side by side, but sundered as if the whole world lay between. Coming to the end of the path we both paused. What vain, wild incense I had offered at this man's shrine. Useless all!

"You will stay?"

Was the voice tender or beseeching? There was a rushing sound in my brain as if I had been leagues deep in the sea.

"I cannot."

He made room for me to pass. The last word had been said. I raised my eyes as if mastered by some spell.

"Sydnie!"

I was weak and faint. If the strong arm had not caught me I should have fallen. And then one long, passionate kiss, one clasp.

"Go," he said, releasing me. "Since you prefer fame and the honor the world can give, to love—my love," and his voice trembled with emotion, "I will no longer annoy you by my entreaties."

In that moment pride was swept away. Blinded by tears and throbbing in every pulse, unable to speak, I stretched out my hands.

"Child," he said with vehemence, "do you love me, do you need me? Have your false idols crumbled to dust? For if I have any, I want *all* your heart. No weak, irresolute passion will satisfy me. I *am* selfish and exacting in this."

"I need you," I replied with the courage of a love I no longer feared, for the thought of reigning in his heart inspired me.

"Five years ago you went away, taking with you the dearest hope of my life. To-day you have brought it back. We will never part again."

Oh love, made perfect in faith! Why had I not known before? For now it spoke in the deep eyes suffused with tenderness, in the flush of the broad kingly brow, the tremulous lips, the whole air.

"Is it no dream? My darling, let me hear from your own lips that you love me. How I have hungered for these blessed words."

I said them not once, but many times. The eager, fervent eyes seemed to drain my soul to its very depths, and yet there was no void.

"Shall I tell you that daring and resolute as I could be in all other matters, I have feared you almost beyond belief? From the very first, when you were a proud, wayward, undeveloped girl. I had never loved before, and all the fire of a strong nature was kindled. But I dreaded your triumph, and fancied in those old days that every other person pleased you more readily than I. Not even to my dearest friend could I have yielded you without a mortal pang. Perhaps love in natures like mine is cruel from its very intensity. I have been harsh and selfish, but heaven knows the anguish I have suffered! Will you accept my expiation?"

"I could have loved you even then," I said slowly, thinking of the many times he had swayed me against my will.

"Could you?" he returned almost sharply. "How happened it then that my cousin's foolish trilling won you? From the first I had a fatal misgiving. A wild resolve urged me to fly to your rescue, and then the utter absurdity of the step deterred me. After you brought him home there were times when I was on the very verge of a betrayal. I never felt so certain of your regard that I dared risk a confession, for it seemed as if your ridicule was the one thing I could not endure."

"Your influence saved me in that dread time," and I shivered at the recollection.

"Ah, I knew at last that you did not love him. But you counterfeited skillfully. Then, filled with doubt and mistrust, I asked myself how much truth there was in a woman. Faith received a cruel shock. Yet I fancy I understand how his sweetness and apparent generosity led you astray. But it maddened me that you should be so blind, and that my sister should stand ready to applaud and encourage. I refused my consent in the hope that Aylmer would find some stronger attraction elsewhere. There were a few days of intense anguish, and then came that blessed respite. I read your secret—you were as much relieved as I."

"I hate myself for all that episode," I exclaimed vehemently. "But you were bitter and cruel. How could I dream that you cared?"

"I spoke afterward. Sydnie, if you had ever loved, how could you have been so cold and proud? When I went away I thought I had won the great hope of my life. Our time for explanations was very brief, as you well know, and the sudden relief and joy dazzled me. I seemed to be borne down some swift tide of joy, and for the few hours stricken dumb as it were. How often I attempted to write I cannot tell you, but love like mine needed lips as fond and warm to answer its questions. Haunted by visions of rare, exquisite bliss, I counted every day's delay with a jealous, longing heart. And when I returned—ah child, it was like a cruel stab from the hand of a friend. The very servants came to welcome me, but no sound or sign from you. I was amazed, chilled to the heart's core. When necessity brought you into my presence, you were distant and haughty as a princess. I tortured myself with perplexing questions, and felt utterly at loss to account for your coldness. That you should not misunderstand the import of the words I had spoken before my departure, I wrote you a note. What demon of icy pride possessed you? Not a gesture of love, not a sign of tenderness, not a word until that bitter sentence—'easily answered!' Oh, Sydnie, were you human in those days, or only a beautiful soulless statue?"

"I was poor. More than this, I had overheard a surmise that having lost my fortune I would be only too glad to win your favor. The thought rankled until it filled my whole soul."

"Not from my sister, surely?" he asked in quick alarm."

"No. It was some foolish, girlish gossip."

He smiled loftily, as if the fancy had been simply absurd.

"Did you hate to owe anything to me? Why, I would have loved you, shielded you, made life as radiant as God meant it should be to you. I thought then that having gained one triumph over me and brought me to your feet, you were satisfied. I confess that you had always held me in a strange state of doubt and fear."

"Forgive," I said, moved to tears. "I was afraid of your pity and generosity. Since I had nothing save love to give, I wanted that only in return. And you were proud."

"My darling, we have misunderstood one another fatally. I was sore and sensitive, and with a man's spirit one check was sufficient. I could not see my love trampled into the dust. Your going in the manner you did was another agonizing wound. It said that you wanted neither love, nor friendship, nor sympathy; that my very presence was distasteful to you. Still I kept watch of your movement. I knew how long you were at school; more than once I stole a glimpse of your pale, resolute face, still high and haughty. Why were you so unlike other women? And then your illness, your going abroad, and your literary venture. Did you gather anything from your own heart for that book? As I read, I seemed to understand your soul; yet having been once mistaken, I was wary. Then came the news of your marriage. I learned from a friend in Rome that you had gone to Nice with your husband's family. Until that time I had cherished a secret hope. Now all the romance of my life had burned to ashes and lay a cold, gray ruin.

"I don't know that I can explain the peculiar charm Elsie exercised over me at this period. It was a child's sweet eagerness to comfort and cheer. Without a word she understood that my heart was heavy, and ministered to me in her own rare, delicate fashion. I knew I should never win love again, the fire and anticipation necessary for such an effort had died out of my nature. But this came to me in such an angelic guise that I opened my heart to the blessed visitor unaware. She thought she loved me, and I meant to be most generous with her. I would wait until she had seen the world—*if*

she found a brighter and more youthful affection, I meant to yield my claim. I thought this would be so when I first heard her speak of your cousin.

"Meanwhile I had shut you entirely out of my life. I purposely avoided hearing the slightest mention of your name. Judge of my surprise therefore, when I met you at Mrs. Varick's. And that night I knew no other had ever won your love. But I was bound!

"Was it wrong to expose Elsie to temptation? Heaven knows that I should have kept my word faithfully if it had been for her happiness. I suspected when I brought her home that something had gone wrong; yet I never dreamed of her making this sacrifice. My noble-hearted Elsie! She longed so for you, that I sent; and I resolved then to fathom this mystery to the uttermost depths. But it was confessed in a way that I had not counted on; and that night I was as much in doubt as ever in regard to your love for me. Why did you never betray yourself? Your control is like adamant."

"Was," I said softly. "It never can be again."

"My darling, will you let me reign? I believe most of my injustice has arisen from a fear of your love. Can I take it to my soul and hold it as my very own, never to doubt again? Will you be patient until my wild passion is trained into tender, unselfish love. For it can be done."

I glanced into the deep, ardent eyes. Ah, was it not a dream! Could it be that I had gained the place better than all, a home in the heart of one who held my very soul in thrall! At rest and content. What blissful words.

We wandered up and down the shady walk, confessing the follies of those old days and being absolved. Was the joy less entrancing for coming late? We had both suffered, both waited, and learned some of the grand secrets of life.

"My dear Sydnie," Mrs. Lawrence exclaimed, an hour or two later, "is it true that you are going to marry Stuart? I am so bewildered by the announcement, that I hardly know what to believe."

"It is true;" and I blushed like a girl.

"I am so delighted. You and Stuart are both odd; so I think you will agree. Only—" she came near and looked intently *in my eyes*—"are you in love? That used to be one of your stipulations," and she smiled.

"I am in love," I confessed.

"Then you will be satisfied. I am sure that I wish you all happiness. I am glad matters have settled themselves so well for Elsie's sake. I never did quite approve of the engagement, you know."

Elsie was wild with delight. She made Mr. St. John explain every mystery to her, and assured herself that he was on the verge of positive and complete happiness. As for me I was passive, content to let another think for me.

What blessed days those were! Life rounded into perfect calm, after all its tempest and fierce tides.

I could hardly believe myself the object of this great tenderness. Not that Mr. St. John had suddenly lost all disposition to exert his power, but it was softened by his deep love, come to a late yet fragrant blossoming.

Mrs. Lawrence had reached the height of satisfaction. At last there was to be a wedding at Laurelwood. They over-ruled my faint objection, and determined that I should be married at the same time.

"You need not be afraid of old ghosts," Mr. St. John said, laughingly; "they are laid forever."

And so the preparations went on. Hosts of congratulations came to me; Philip Westervelt's, which brought tears to my eyes, as he rejoiced that his prayers for his friend had been answered; and Laura's, accompanied by a love gift, one entirely characteristic of her. I managed to spend a week with Annie, and gave my cousins a few hours.

It is my bridal day.

Sitting here, adding a brief word to this record of my past, a step startles me. I am not so familiar with my happiness that I can take it calmly. Every pulse thrills to the sound of the low, fond voice.

The leaves are slowly turned in spite of my faint remonstrance. Tender kisses fall upon my forehead; then a stronger hand than mine takes the pen and writes in a clear, bold manner—

"No longer *your* life, but *ours*."

I feel it, and my heart rejoices that its existence is to be merged into that of the beloved. With his hand clasped in mine I shall not fear.

We have reached the fair land of human affection—we have only to go onward to the Eden of Divine love, and the way is fair, a path of roses with but few thorns, which God may give us the grace to miss.

[THE END.]

ROSE SONG.

I.

Sunny breadths of roses,
Roses white and red,
Rose-bud and rose-leaf,
From the blossom shed!
Goes my Darling flying
All the garden through,
Laughing she eludes me,
Laughing I pursue.

II.

Now to pluck the red rose,
Now to pluck the white,
(Hands as blossoms rosy)
Stopping in her flight:
What but this contents her,
Laughing as she goes?
Pelting with the rose-bud,
Pelting with the rose!

III.

Roses round me flying,
Roses in my hair,
I to snatch them trying,—
Darling, have a care!
Lips are so like flowers,
I might snatch at those;
Redder than the rose-leaves,
Sweeter than the rose.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

☞ Besides subordinate, historical, and allegorical figures, the gigantic representation of Luther, at Worms, stands amid a group of four other colossal statues, above all of which it rises sixteen and a half feet. These statues represent the four precursors of the Reformation—the French Peter Waldo, the English John Wycliffe, the Bohemian John Huss, and the Italian Jerome Savonarola.

OLD SONGS.

The Songs of old, they come to us, and take
possession of our heart;
The words are rude, the measure strange,
devoid of ornament or art,
And yet they touch a deeper depth—bring
warmer tears to fill the eyes—
And hold a sweeter, stronger charm than
finer songs in finer guise.

Their words were gathered on brown moors,
amid the heather boiled and red;
Or where green ferns and mosses draped the
mountain-torrent's rocky bed;
Or where in woodlands gray the groups of
yellow primrose loved to blow;
Or in the field where white moonshine lay
glistening on fresh-fallen snow.

Their tunes were borrowed from the birds
that sang at eve upon the trees;
Or where the surges charged the cliff, swift
rising from the foam-flecked seas;
Or where the winds made bitter wail above
old graves in churchyards lone;
Or where in foxgloves summer bees were
sounding their deep monotone.

And these combined, the songs were made
by men who knew the midnight foe,
Who caught the arrow on the shield, and
swung the sharp sword's fatal blow;
Who held the helm of rolling ships, and
steered their course by ice-cliffs bare;
Who hunted wolves upon the hills, or fronted lions in their lair.

And some were writ by women whose white
hands were wet with salt tears' rain,
Keeping a drear and watch at home for those
that never came again;
Who broke their hearts in dungeons deep of
gloomy castles closely pent,
Or withered slow in foreign lands, doomed
to a life-long banishment.

And these old Songs bear in them now the
spirit of the writers' days:
Each word a well of their old life which rises
as the tune we raise;
And lo! there flows from them to us the
feeling, be it stern or sweet,
And with its added volume makes our
smaller, shallower lives complete.

POLLY'S ONE OFFER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

III.

Bob was quite *that* sort of person. He had taken a fancy to Polly—everybody in the house had taken a fancy to Polly; but, with the exception of Mrs. Livingstone, no one treated her with respect that was her due, she seemed made for kisses, caresses, teazing, and spoiling, and petting—for anything but grave airs and work. Of course, Polly did not see herself in the light of a good joke, very far from it, and yet she was happy in the atmosphere of kindly sarcasm that surrounded her. They were all so good to her, so easy and pleasant, and Bob and his mother especially. Mrs. Livingstone drew her on to talk of herself, and approved of what she heard of the principles and practical sense of the young creature.

"Yes, I know I am pretty, but children will like me all the better for it, so I am glad," said she in reply to some comment on her beauty. "Miss Mill, an old governess near us, thought I might wear spectacles, but the oculist said, if I did not require them, they would permanently injure my eyes, and I was not going to suffer that. I did alter my hair, and cut a lot off, which rather went to my heart; but it will take less time to do, and people who only see me with it plain will never know how much nicer I look in curls. And, besides, I don't think anybody calls me pretty except those who are fond of me. And, after all, I can't help it, and I am not inclined to starve or be a burden on Jane because of my face. I dare say it will prove quite as serviceable a face as if it began by being ugly—governesses age so fast; Jane has some white hairs already.

"But you may marry, dear. Don't you ever dream of a husband and children and house of your own? My girls do, and it is most natural," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"My mother does not approve of marrying," said Polly, calmly. "I used to think I should like it, but since I have heard how much there is to be borne from men, and what trouble in the bringing up of children, I am sure I shall be better out of it, and I have turned my mind to other things. Jane had an offer once, but my mother would not consent; and she has given up caring. We shall teach as long as we can, and when we have saved up money enough we shall live together, and be two old maids. All my ambition now is to be a good governess."

"I wish you'd come and be mine, Polly," said Bob, who, entering as she spoke, had caught the last words. "You have no notion what a good boy I should be under wise and judicious guidance, though I am nothing to boast of under present misrule. The fact is, they don't know how to manage me. Say yes, Polly." But Polly only laughed at his air of meek entreaty, and his mother told him Polly had not courage to undertake such a rough handful as he was, and he must apply elsewhere.

That evening Polly played on the piano, and sang distractingly. There was no end of her accomplishments. Bob listened till he loved her, till he longed to do as Maggie did, and hug her up and kiss her for pure kindness and pity that she was destined ever to be anything but a pet and darling. That was the state of mind into which she threw many people, while she herself was feeling all the time quite strong and capable, and equal to her fortunes.

In this way the week went on. It was fine weather, but Bob contrived to be much more than usual about the house. He was even troublesome occasionally, as one morning, for instance, when there were custards to make, and it was Maggie's turn in the kitchen. Maggie would have Polly with her, and just when she was standing at the end of the long white table inquiring, where she should sit to see, and yet not be in anybody's way, Bob appeared, lifted her up, and set her on the table. "Sit there," said he, and then took a small corner to himself close by, and supported his long length with one foot on the floor and one arm round Polly's waist. Such a thing had never happened to Polly before as to be made a prop of, and she felt that it was excruciatingly wrong for a governess (oh, if her mother or Miss Mill could see her!); but, at the same time, the very novelty of the circumstance made it difficult to extricate herself without compromising her dignity. She pretended not to be aware of the arm, though she was blushing and palpitating all over; and looking at the floor, ever so far below her feet, she said, "Let me get down, please."

"You are quite safe; you can't fall while I am here," replied Bob, purposely misunderstanding her.

"But I don't like it; I am not used to it," persisted Polly, vexed and ashamed of herself, she hardly knew why.

"Like it!" echoed Bob, in a voice of tender concern. "Like what?"

Polly turned her face and looked at him with sudden tears in her eyes. He would have liked to say or do something rash, but he only took his arm away, and moved off to the hearth. It was impossible to withstand that touching appeal, which said plainly, "You are my host, and should protect me, not offend me." Polly gazed out of the window for several minutes after, but he saw the burning rose on her face, and one tear splashed down on her hand. Maggie seemed not to notice this by-play, and went singing to the dairy, upon which Bob drew hastily near to Polly, and begged her not to be angry. "I would not vex you for the world," pleaded he. "Say you forgive me." Polly did not say anything distinctly, but he understood that his peace was made; and when he heard Maggie coming back he took his departure. "And a good riddance too," observed Maggie; "the custards would certainly have been ruined if he had stayed."

In the evening Polly sang again, and Bob, who had quite recovered his native audacity, proclaimed that he would have a singing wife or none. Why, did not his sisters sing? They could do nothing. Polly could do everything.

"Yes, Polly's a clever little midge," said Maggie, tenderly infolding her; "but you need not take the trouble to set your cap at her, Bob; for she has made up her mind already; she is going to be an old maid."

Bob laughed aloud, and seemed immensely tickled in his imagination. "She looks like it—very much like it indeed!" said he. "I should think so! Polly an old maid! That would be a sin and a shame!"

Polly blushed, and said, curtly, she wished they would talk sense, and let her alone. What business was it of Bob's, or Maggie's either, for that matter, what she was? As a governess and a working-woman, of course she had other things to think of that made her serious, very different to them, who had been born with silver spoons in their mouths. These sentiments, and the tone of them, and their slight incoherence, quite upset Bob's gravity. He laughed long and merrily, and only recovered himself when Polly sprang up in a tempest, and rushed to the door to escape. Then, with one rapid movement, he overtook and stopped her, and begged her pardon with pleas enough to soften a heart of adamant. But Polly's was harder than adamant. "I am not a baby; you treat me like a baby!" gasped she, crimson and furious. "I won't be called a mouse! My name is Mary Curtis!" Mrs. Livingstone was not present to keep order, but Maggie knew by Polly's way that she was really hurt and mortified; so she interfered, and bade Bob let her alone; she was not used to be teased.

"Then it is good for her—rub the starch out," replied he, exasperatingly, and went so far in his teasing, that Polly, quite beside herself with passion, struck him in the waistcoat with all her little might. It was a mistake, as Bob instructed her the next minute, kissing her roughly, and then as roughly letting her go. The instant she was released, she ran across the hall, half blinded with tears, and, after tripping and stumbling twice or thrice on the stairs in the dark, gained the safe refuge of Maggie's room, where Maggie found her presently, weeping fit to break her heart. Polly's self-respect was grievously wounded; if she could not make Bob behave to her like a lady, what was to become of her amongst children! Maggie was perplexed. The ways and customs of Blackthorn Grange admitted of a good deal of kissing amongst friends, but Polly evidently considered a kiss a mortal offence. She essayed to comfort her by representing the fact in its local light.

"Don't make such a fuss, Polly; one would think you were half killed," said she. "What does a kiss matter? and it was only Bob."

"He is a perfect bear!" sobbed Polly. "I wish I had never come!"

"You cross little savage thing! And it is not very polite to tell me Bob's a bear! He is nothing of the kind. You ought to feel flattered; he would not plague you if he did not think you nice. Maria Spinks was here a whole month, and he never offered to kiss her once."

Polly dried her eyes and looked up.

"He is so abominably rough," she began, and then was scared into silence at the recollection of the blow *she* had given *him*, which, strictly speaking, was far more in nature of an assault than a kiss.

"Ah, you may well stop and bethink yourself of his provocation," said Maggie, significantly.

"Did I hurt him?" asked Polly, with lovely wistfulness.

"Dreadfully! How could you help it, hitting him, as you did purposely, in the region of the heart? And Bob is very delicate. It is easy to be sorry for it afterwards, but that is the way people get into passions, and commit murder, or manslaughter at least."

"I wish I could go away to-morrow before breakfast," said Polly, ready to sink with shame and self-reproach.

"That is impossible. You will just have to do penance and sit by Bob, and if you take my advice you will behave as usual, and say nothing about to-night. It is lucky my mother was not there; she would never forgive you for hurting Bob."

"I'm sure I won't mention it, Maggie; I think I should die if anybody else knew," said Polly, ruefully. "It has made me feel so small and contemptible. If I had only remembered myself, and kept my temper, it would not have happened."

"Nonsense; it can't be helped now; think of the old song, 'If a body kiss a body, need a body cry?' If you had been here at our New Year's party, you might have been kissed a dozen times under the mistletoe, if Bob had not intimated that he would not stand it; nothing varies more in kind and degree than a kiss, you know."

"I don't know; but I want no more of Bob's kind and degree; my cheek and chin are red yet."

"Well, don't complain—it is your own fault; you may be sure it is when I tell you so," said Maggie; and Polly held her peace.

It was difficult next morning when Polly went down to breakfast a minute or two late. Mrs. Livingstone offered her cheek to her, and Bob, with not a little extra color in his face, gave her a cordial, expressive shake of the hand. Maggie had reported Polly's wrath and distress in unmitigated terms, and Bob was sorry he had been "a perfect bear," and "so abominably rough." She was much too shy and conscious to talk in her wonted way, and he perceived he had gone too far, and frightened her—and heartily vexed at himself he was for his blundering stupidity. He transgressed in the opposite direction that day, and was as tenderly assiduous as a lover. Polly did not appreciate his kindness, but seeing that his repentance for his great offence was deep and unfeigned, she forgave him fully and freely—so fully that when he took his leave of her at the Warden House, whither he had driven her and Maggie over in his dog-cart, and said, humbly,

"We are friends again, Polly, are we not? And you will come again at Easter?"

Polly, with a rosy beneficent countenance shining on him, replied:

"Yes,—if I may."

IV.

Polly's adventures at the Warden House were passed chiefly in the school-room. The children were reasonably good, and Mrs. Stapylton was abundantly satisfied with her new governess's cheerfulness, skill, and industry; but the first time she sounded her praises to her husband, the Captain replied—

"Don't expect to keep the little woman long, my dear. She is uncommonly pretty, and I am very much mistaken if Bob Livingstone is not sweet on her, he always inquires after her so amiably when we meet at the market table."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Stapylton; and the next time the meet was at the Warden House, she bade her husband invite Bob to ride over the previous day, and sleep; and she contrived to have a lady short at dinner, and asked Polly to be so kind as to leave lessons for once, and fill the gap; for she was an amiable woman, married after her own heart, and would be glad, as she said, to give such a nice little thing a chance.

Polly had the sagacity to leave her profession up-stairs, and to come down charming in her white dress and white ribbons, but Bob felt it was not quite like having her to himself at Blackthorn Grange. Yet she was much easier here, and talked, and was as gay as any one. There was nothing in Polly to provoke or invite an impertinence. The ladies made no difference with her, and her face was enough to insure her kindness at first sight from men. If Bob was a person to be influenced by other people's opinions, he heard many golden ones of Polly at the Warden House, and all casually expressed without reference to him. Perhaps he did carry away an idea or two of her more meaning than any he brought—Maggie certainly believed it, and began to insinuate the same in her letters to her friend; but Polly was heedless and indifferent to Bob, and her work and duty where much more in her head than "nonsense," which sufficiently accounted for her never responding to Maggie's hints and queries.

Easter did not linger, but was soon come, bringing with it Polly's second visit to the Grange. It was a lovely Easter that year—warm, sunny, serene as May, with hedges green, pear-trees and cherry-trees in blossom, and even roses in bud under the shelter of the eaves on the south wall of the old house. They made it quite a gay season at Blackthorn Grange, and Polly, whose dignities had worn easier already, entered into it with all the natural joyousness of her temper and time of life. She was exceedingly pleasant about the house, and the many visitors, kinsfolk, and neighbors who came there during her stay were charmed, and regarded her with a significant interest which none of the family discouraged. Mrs. Livingstone would walk her about the great walled garden for an hour at a time, talking to her no one but themselves knew what about, but the two were excellent company to each other, and often Bob made a third. Laura was rather quizzical on the subject of Maggie's friend and her brother, but that was her disagreeable way, and Fanny and Maggie made up to them for it by all sorts of little considerateness, which they profited by without observing. And every day some excursion was planned which threw them together. Now it was to Cranstown Rocks, now to Haviland Priory, and one day, the most memorable of all, to Beech Grove, the Livingstones' ancestral manor, Bob's inheritance, where Maggie informed Polly that he would most likely go to live when he married and settled. It was an old place, though not so old as the Grange, and it had fallen into some neglect from having been let to a careless tenant, whose lease was, however, nearly run out; but as Polly said: "With a little trouble and taste it might be made beautiful." Bob asked how she would go about to improve it, and, as he trotted her through the rooms and the garden, he treasured up all her little views and opinions, which she was perfectly free with, not at all as if they were a matter of personal concern. And perhaps they were not. Polly had faculty for planning and suggesting, but she was not conscious of any peculiar sentiment for the place as Bob's future home, though everybody, himself included, gave her credit for it.

And very happy Bob was in his illusion. Polly was quite kind enough to please him, and her shy trick of blushing, and her sudden vivacities and caprices, soon charmed his heart away entirely. And hers? She was a mystery to herself; she liked Bob; she liked to be near him; once, when he took her by surprise and kissed her, she was not so furious but that he thought he might some day venture again; in fact, if she had given way to nature, she would have loved him very sweetly and tenderly. But all her principles were against giving way, and whenever she felt inclined to lapse into weakness, she would recite to herself all her mother's litany of impediments, and pains, and penalties in marriage. This sufficiently proved her in danger, and set her on her guard against it, poor little Polly!

The Easter visit was extended to a fortnight, and before half of it was over, the servants in the house, the men on the farm, the very dogs even, had learnt to demean themselves to Polly as to a little lady in whom their master had a special interest. Mrs. Livingtone, Laura, Fanny, and Bob's two chief bachelor friends, were ready with their consent whenever it might be required; and in the absence of the principals would discuss their private affairs without the smallest delicacy or reserve. Only Maggie held herself in an attitude of doubt, and this Laura treated as the supremest affectation. "You know your precious Polly will say 'Yes' the very first minute Bob asks her, and be only too glad!" the quizzical sister would tauntingly aver; to which Maggie would make answer that she only wished she was as sure of it as Laura appeared to be.

But Maggie could be sure of nothing. Polly was a puzzle and a trial to her at this moment, and she was constantly trying to solve her by all manner of cunning experiments and questions. On their last evening together she went so far as to say, in the privacy of their bedroom, "I fancied once you were going to be fond of Bob for my sake, Polly, and I'm disappointed in you. You are not half good to him, you little cross thing, and you look him in the face as frankly as any of us—that's a sign you don't care for him: tiresome toad that you are!"

"Bob's eyes are blue," said Polly, with abstraction, but as coolly as if she were repeating "two and two are four."

"You have no particular prejudice against blue eyes, have you?" inquired Maggie, in a tone of affront.

"No! you dear old Maggie, why should I? Yours are blue."

After a brief silence Maggie returned to the charge.

"You are coming to see us again at Midsummer—now you need not seek any excuse, for I won't take it! You are coming to see us again at Midsummer. Say *yes*, or don't open your mouth." Polly kept her mouth shut. "Have you been struck dumb? You *are* coming, I know you are! I'll never be friends with you again if you don't." Polly's lips still never stirred. "Oh, Polly, don't be a silly little donkey! Look here—is there anybody loves you as much as I do, unless it be dear old Bob? and you are going to throw it all to the winds!"

"Yes, there's Jane loves me, and I must spend my Midsummer at home with her and my mother," said Polly, thus solemnly adjured.

"That's all right; but you'll come *here* first—*promise*—I'll shake you if you don't."

Polly did not exactly promise, but she begged off her shaking with something Maggie accepted as an equivalent; and, in the morning, when she was driven off to her duties at the Warden House by Bob himself, it was considered an understood thing, that at Midsummer, before going home to Norminster, she should pay another visit to Blackthorn Grange. It was a lovely April day, with the sun in full glow, and the orchards all pink and white with apple-blossoms. The country was very fine and luxuriant between the Grange and Lanswood, and Polly's eyes and soul took delight in its spring beauty. She was feeling happy—unconsciously happy, and the radiance of her heart shone in her countenance. Maggie, at whom she often looked round, thought she had never seen her so sweetly pretty before; and Bob, though his plan of courtship was all laid out, and he had no intention of being precipitate, found himself more than once on the brink of asking the question which would decide both their fortunes.

"You would not mind spending your life in the country, Polly, little town-bred lady as you are?" said he, gayly.

"I like the country best," replied Polly.

"When you come to us at Midsummer, I shall have Stella ready, and you shall learn to ride—all the girls ride hereabouts."

"But they ride from children. I am rather timid; I am not sure that I shall like it."

"I shall teach you myself," said Bob, as if that would remove all difficulties, and he glanced down at the little creature beside him with fond admiration. None of her friends' opinions of Polly had yet grown up to her own estimate of her dignity—not even Bob's. He laughed indulgently at her practical airs, and called her his Mouse and his Blossom, with a tender patronage that she could not repress, though she sincerely wished to do so. It seemed to Polly sometimes as if his will were the stronger, and controlled hers, however she fought against it; and that was the fact. Bob was not a particularly profound person, but he perfectly fathomed Polly's mixture of pride and shyness, lovingness, doubt, fear, and trembling towards himself, and he believed it quite in his duty and business to tame her with kindness, yet firmness—much as he was taming his beautiful shy filly, Stella; as for letting her go her own way, or supposing she would defeat him in the end, it never entered Bob's head; and had her mother's warnings and philosophy been laid before him, they would have been far too strange and unnatural for his honest comprehension. He religiously believed that every nice young woman wished to be married, and why not Polly, who was so extremely nice?

The drive to Lanswood was very pleasant all the way, and when Polly was left behind at the Warden House, to think it over, she could not but know why it had been so. Love is the best of companions. "Dear old Bob, I'm afraid I should grow foolishly fond of him if I went often to Blackthorn Grange. I had much better stop away at Midsummer," said she, to herself; but perhaps she did not mean it. She was rather dull and absent for a day or two, but she soon brightened up at her work, which was not severe or disagreeable. In truth, her situation was very comfortable, and she had no injuries or hardships to make the notion of escape welcome; but still she counted the weeks to the holidays, and did not grieve to see them pass. And in every letter Maggie told her how much nearer Midsummer was, and mentioned many delightful parties of pleasure and excursions which were standing over until her coming. At every such allusion Polly's heart underwent that physical spasm which she had described to her friend as afflicting her before she set forth on her career as a governess.

To go or not to go to the Grange became her thought by day and night. She was pulled very hard both ways. She did not deny to herself that the Grange was a happy place for a holiday; but her principles of so many years' careful home cultivation were in peril there, while her head still approved of them so entirely that she felt it was inconsistent and wrong to walk into temptation with her eyes open and her judgment unobscured. Nobody at the Grange denounced marriage as a state of suffering bondage, or children as a perpetual care; indeed, Laura and Fanny were both engaged, and Maggie though not so far gone as they were, frankly avowed that she had only refused the curate because she did not like him; if she had liked him, she should have had no scruple about accepting his proposal, and taking her luck for what might follow.

Polly had no notion of casting her burden on other people's shoulders, or she might have appealed to Jane for counsel in the case; besides, she was fond of deciding for herself, or rather of drifting into decisions which were generally in accordance with her inclinations, secret or expressed. In this manner she drifted into a decision that she would go to Blackthorn Grange, but it should be for the last time; and in a few days after

there she was, in all her pretty dignity and grace, and everybody in and about the house was talking about her and the master, and drawing only one conclusion from this third visit within the half-year.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hearts and Heads.

Are men heartless? Or is it not rather woman in her state of refinement and civilization, that so envelopes her heart in gauze and draperies, that it becomes inaccessible to the ardent breeze of passion as well as to all lasting emotions? Certain it is, however, that women delight in making protestations, writing love-letters that are models of composition and with lace handkerchiefs dry their bedewed eyes wet with tears—real tears—promise eternal love in a well-modulated voice, and then complacently resign themselves to the loss of their lover, the death of their hopes, by apt philosophical reasons, a proper allusion to female pride, and a new style of coiffure asserted by their bereaved state. Men, on the contrary, protest (when they really love) not at all; love is no boast with them. It adds nothing to their dignity; it forwards none of their ambitions; so, we believe when love—true love—takes possession of a masculine heart, it is apt from its very disconnection with all the interests of life, to become despotic in its power, unchanging in existence. A vase may be made to contain many flowers, if these flowers have the mere stems; but only one plant can flourish in the vase if the plant has deep roots. So it is with woman's love. Love is their life, their rule, their occupation, the means by which they obtain all that vanity can aspire to; so woman must always have a bouquet of love. As fast as the flowers fade they are renewed, and so life, or at least woman's youth, is filled with brilliancy and perfume.

Rochel, an ancient author, says that the power of woman's love is not only absolute, but supreme. Is it so?

Mme. la Comtesse de Hirville was a young woman who had passionately loved flowers in the figurative sense we have described. She passed her whole life in collecting them, and however powerful their perfume, Mme. de Hirville could always endure them. Mme. de Hirville was a French woman, Parisian born and bred, whom chance and her parents had united to an old Austrian diplomatist. It was said that M. de Hirville, during the two years he had survived his marriage, had given his wife a disgust for the whole sex, from the tyranny he had exercised, as well as from the obstinacy of his character, which had disputed with her every trifle, as though the fate of nations had depended on the color of her gloves or the cut of her gown.

Mme. de Hirville, when it suited her purpose to be sentimental, would darkly hint at his terrible temper and those terrible two years, and strove to her friends to give them as an excuse for her coquetries and deceits. Still, as in a moment of confidence, she was heard to say, "M. de Hirville deserves my gratitude and my love for having died so soon."

Many of the severe, starched dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain sat in judgment on the Comtess Julie de Hirville each time that a disappointed and rejected suitor was reported; but her feet were always so small and narrow that they appeared always to have kept in the straight path, for they defied even prudery, envy and old women, to discover that they had made a *faux pas*.

Julie de Hirville was a charming woman—all heart, she said, but the fact was she was all head. It was her intellect and wit that made her impressive, brilliant, tender, graceful and bewitching; and that same intellect being of the shrewdest order, had the power of ignoring itself and giving the heart the credit of its exploits. Julie being rich, noble, young and beautiful, could well afford to make a vow after her husband's death of eternal celibacy, but nobody believed her. First, because such vows are never believed; and secondly, because her constant assurance that she would never marry again looked very like additional coquetries, and certainly were challenges that spurred on the champions of the Paris *salons*.

Many were the suitors who had believed in their powers of overcoming her avowed resolutions; but after much dangling, many hopes, as many fears, and witty exchanges of pink perfumed notes, Julie, when they came to the point and asked for her decision, would open her eyes, withdraw her snowy hand, and refer them to her oft-repeated and avowed determination of never marrying again.

Now, it happened that among Julie's suitors there was a young Italian count, named Emanuel Latour, a man full of courage, utterly ignorant of the world, devoted to his country, utterly uninitiated as regards the Parisians; but he imagined all women to be like his countrywomen, who had not a spark of coquetry in their whole composition. Julie had never before met with such a simple and true heart. With her Parisian suitors she was on an equality; it was nothing more than a fencing match, where the most skillful was the victor. She was greatly amazed at the passion she had inspired, and suffered Latour to lie at her feet, or to watch her at home, just as she would have permitted the familiarities of a spoiled poodle. Sometimes she would talk to him with the *abandon* of a sister, at other times she would grow tender; then, all at once, with the prettiest affectation of innocence, talk to him of her lovers, discuss the possibility of her marrying again, as though perfectly unconscious of the great love that filled his heart. Sometimes Latour would have outbursts of jealousy, of rage, of love, of despair, expressing each with Italian vehemence. Then it was that Julie would crush within her heart the little feeling of preference she was beginning to feel for him, and seeing the misery he endured, congratulate herself upon not being in love, and again resolve to remain heart free.

Emanuel was a refugee, taken in open rebellion in the Lombard State. Nothing but the devotion of his mother and the sacrifice of her fortune had saved him from an Austrian State prison. His hopes had vanished, his future was blank, and his whole life destroyed. All his energies, all his hopes, ambitions, all his aspirations he therefore concentrated on Julie. He would as soon think of giving up the freedom of Italy as his love for Julie, and he resolved to win her, and resisted spite of all his rebuffs in following her from place to place, and in spending all the hours with her in her drawing-room, which were formerly devoted to suitors.

One evening, Emanuel, on entering her boudoir, found Julie seated with her feet on the fender, and her eyes pensively fixed on the fire. Emanuel thought she never looked more charming.

"Emanuel, is that you?" said Julie.

"Emanuel!" echoed the Count; "that is the first time you have given me that name."

"Indeed; well, then, call me Julie. Should not a brother and sister call each other by their Christian names?"

"A sister, Julie?"

"Yes, let me be your sister for to-night, at least," said Julie, giving him her hand; "I want a brother's advice, and not a lover's, to-night."

"But a lover is even more devoted than a brother!"

"Do not speak thus. I was in hopes you had no cause to care for me otherwise than as a brother."

"You know better—you have given me hope."

"Did I? Well, one must be occupied in some way."

"But to destroy the happiness of a man!"

"Well, it is not my fault if people will love me. I'm sure I love nobody."

"Not even me?"

"Certainly not you; but I esteem you, and I want your advice. M. de Florac—"

"Another of your suitors?"

"Yes; M de Florac is very angry with me."

"He is quite right; you were infinitely coquettish with him."

"Only in fun, I assure you."

"Well?"

"Above all, he wrote charming letters."

"Which I cannot do."

"Pray, don't always talk of yourself. Well, he wrote charming letters, and I—"

"Answered him."

"Precisely. M. de Florac being angry because I won't marry him, has refused to give me back my letters."

"Do they compromise your honor?"

"Emanuel, that is impossible. He cannot compromise me, but he can make me ridiculous."

"Well?"

"Ah, if I were not a poor, helpless widow, I should soon have the letters; but I am alone."

Here the pretty sister wiped her eyes.

"Did you call me your brother, Julie?"

"Emanuel!"

"Farewell, Julie."

"Don't go; I will countermand the carriage, and stay all the evening with you—so we will forget de Florac."

Julie knew as well as possible that a duel would be the result of her request, but it suited her to ignore it; and Emanuel, when he left her that evening, would have thought nothing of a hundred duels, had he felt convinced that she loved him. He waited with impatience for the hour in which he could visit M. de Florac.

Meantime, Julie had retired to her dressing-room. Before her maid began to assist her, she stood for some minutes before the glass.

"I am acknowledged to be a very pretty woman; but I must possess some singular charms to make men do such silly things."

Thus did Julie take the devotion of all her lovers.

De Florac, of course, refused to deliver Julie's letters to Emanuel—a duel was, therefore, the consequence, which ended with a scratch on Emanuel's cheek and the disarmament of de Florac, who gallantly shook hands with Emanuel, and delivered the letters to him. Emanuel, not even waiting to call a cab, rushed from the Porte Maillote to the Rue Godot, and, entering the boudoir of Julie, threw the letters at her feet.

"Ah!" said she, pretending to be surprised, "you have got the letters. But you have blood on your face. Oh! how could you do this for me?"

"Are you satisfied, Julie? Oh, let me love you!"

"It appears I can't help it; there, lie down; let me nurse my champion."

Emanuel's heart thrilled with hope.

"Burn these letters, Julie."

"No, I can't burn them; I think they are the best I ever wrote. If you don't like to see me read them, go to sleep."

"Julie, this may be Parisian grace and wit, but I don't understand it; you have for two years kept me at your feet; by fair or by foul means, you now must and shall be mine."

Julie, though she concealed it, was a little frightened, being unaccustomed to Italian love. She confessed her love; she promised to be his. Thus relieved, Emanuel left the house. When he awoke next morning, a letter was handed to him. It was from Julie:

"My dear rebel," it said, "you are too violent for a husband. I am afraid to stay in Paris, therefore have placed between us the most inexorable of obstacles—Austrian laws. I am at Bonn with my brother-in-law, General Hirville. As you are condemned to death by the government, you cannot return here; so I am safe. I am sure I told you I only loved you as a sister.

JULIE."

Ten days after this the Comtess, sitting under the olive trees of her brother's villa, was told that a gentleman from Paris wished to see her. It was Emanuel. At the same moment General Hirville came and joined her. Julie grew pale, and for a moment her intellect, not her courage, failed her, but she soon recovered, and taking Emanuel by the hand, she turned to the General.

"Count de Coney," she said, "a distant cousin."

Emanuel coolly submitted to the recognition. He was invited to remain at the villa. The first opportunity that offered, Emanuel said:

"Julie, you must be my wife. If you refuse me, I will tell the General my real name, and die before your very eyes."

Julie knew Emanuel meant every word, and therefore half promised; but immediately on his leaving her, she sought the General, and confessed all.

"So," said the General, "this cousin is Emanuel Latour?"

"Yes; but I have your promise not to harm him?"

"You have."

"But still, dear brother, you must get rid of him for me. I cannot marry."

"Yes, dear, pretty sister, I will get rid of Emanuel, and he shall go hence in safety."

Next morning while boasting with Emanuel, Julie was startled by being surrounded by soldiers, and alarmed, when one of them advanced and said: "Emanuel, Count Latour, you are my prisoner."

Julie resisted, but in vain; and fainting at the feet of her lover, was borne away.

"You see," said the General next day to his pretty sister, "I have kept my promise, you are rid of your lover; here is the report of the chief of police."

"But he is safe?"

"He left Bonn unharmed."

"Heavens! Then he will return."

"I think not," said the General.

A few weeks later the General placed in the hands of Julie a Vienna journal, with the remark, "Do you think now he will return?"

Julie, who was surrounded by many friends and admirers, carelessly glanced at the paper, when her eye fell upon the following:

"On the 17th, the noted rebel, Count Emanuel Latour, suffered death according to sentence passed on him by H. S. Majesty five years ago. This act of justice is owing to the courage and zeal of the devoted Austrian General Hirville."

Julie at last found she had a heart, but the head was stronger still, and folding the paper she returned it without comment, and resumed her uninterrupted conversation; but the next day she left the roof of her brother. While crossing the Alps, in the dreariest part of the Semplon, just as the ascent begun, a party of masked men attacked her carriage, seized her and bore her a considerable distance.

"Spare me—take all I possess," shrieked the Countess.

"We are not robbers, but friends of the man you murdered. He must be avenged."

Julie fainted, but when she recovered she was conscious of but two things—that she was safe in an inn and of a scorching pain on her forehead. Rising and looking in the glass, she beheld inscribed on her brow, seared there forever, the two letters, E. L. Julie gazed for an instant, then threw herself on the bed, not to sleep, but to think.

Some few months afterwards, the Parisian world was astonished by an invitation to assist at the ceremony of the taking of the veil, in the Convent des Oiseaux, of M'lle Julie de Hirville.

"What could have induced her?"

"Religion?"

"Love?"

"Remorse for her coquetries?"

"A sudden inspiration?"

No, fair, fashionable world. The reason that the Countess became a nun was, that the white bandeau concealing the forehead would also hide the fatal letters that human science could not efface.

Julie is a nun; but beautiful still, and receives many visits within the grated parlor.

Emanuel's name is inscribed amongst the martyrs of Italy, by those who probably will each in turn be martyrs to the same power that slew him.

Minnesota Innocence.

A verdant couple from the vicinity of Winona, who had never travelled outside of the limits of their little native town, fell in love, were married, and on their bridal tour visited Minneapolis. Arriving on the evening train, the turtle doves took rooms at the Nicollet. Before making his toilet the next morning, the young husband's eye rested upon the "rules and regulations" tacked upon the door, and for the purpose of posting himself in the requirements of hotel life, he proceeded to read them.

Judge of his surprise when, after careful study, he learned that "washing in rooms is prohibited, except permission is obtained at the office!" The young man looked about him. Upon the opposite side of the room were washing-bowl, pitcher, towels and all the necessaries for performing the usual ablutions, but before his face and eyes was the rule "prohibiting washing in the rooms!" What was to be done? Bride and groom were at a loss to know. They certainly could not think of going to breakfast without a washing, and it was rather inconvenient to go to the river for that purpose. As he reflected upon the awkwardness of the situation, he became impressed with the idea that something must be done, and remembering the solemn promise made to the Justice of the Peace who, for the trifling sum of seventy-five cents, united them in the holy bands of matrimony the day previous, he determined to rise up in his strength and represent the case in proper terms "at the office." He did so. Approaching the desk, he beckoned to the clerk. "Look a'here!" said he, "that 'ere kaird that's stuck on to the door says that nobody can't wash into the room 'less you let 'em. Now, couldn't you let me and Jane Ann wash our faces and hands there this mornin'? There's wash things and towels right in the room, and I wish you would let us use 'em. I'd be much obliged to you if you would."

The clerk kindly gave his consent, and the unsophisticated couple were made happy.

Fungoid Diseases.

The fact that the spores of the geniasma produce ague is not by any means the only instance in which disease has been traced to a fungoid origin. At a recent meeting of the Pathological Society (March 3d) Mr. Simon stated on behalf of Dr. Hallier, of Jena, that he had probably discovered the origin of typhus, small-pox, and four other diseases, in peculiar and definite fungi, developed in the blood. It was Dr. Hallier, also, who last year supposed the proximate cause of cholera to be of this nature, and also, with all reason and demonstration of experiment to confirm his opinion, attributed it to the Arocystis occulta, a fungus analogous to that producing "the blight" in rice. Dr. Flint finds that a fungus peculiar to straw will induce a genuine attack of the measles, though he does not at present insist that the straw fungus is the only source of that complaint. Hay asthma is caused, I believe, invariably by the inhalation of the spores of a fungus produced during the fermentation of hay in the process of drying. Dr. Salisbury has a paper in the current number of the American Journal of Science on the fungoid origin of two other important diseases. The pollen and volatile principles of many actively flowering plants produce a sensible and sometimes very severe impression even where insensibly inhaled. In passing through a field of flowering-hops, of lettuce, of poppies, of spotted hemlock, of tobacco, or stramonium, or near a plant of rhus vernix, the poison ivy, symptoms peculiar to the action of each plant are soon produced.

☞ Carbolic acid is said to be death to mosquitoes. Saturate a few rags with it and leave them in the room, and the mosquitoes will leave without stopping to sing a farewell. Carbolic acid is obtained from gas-tar—and has an odor like that of creosote.

☞ The Boston Traveller says, "Rev. Mr. Taylor, of New York, who is writing a History of the Devil, has been invited to New Bedford to obtain material for the completion of his work."

Summer Holidays.

BY A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

The physical benefits which come from a month among the mountains or by the sea, are obvious; but summer holidays may have other uses, which, perhaps, are not so often thought of. Apart altogether from any direct intention to employ the pleasant leisure for the highest ends, most men are the better for it. A precocious child, after reading the inscriptions in a churchyard, which recorded the incomparable virtues of the dead lying beneath, wondered where they buried all the bad people; and I often wondered when away from home where the ill-tempered and irritable people go for their holidays. How genial every one seems to be on a Rhine steamer. Who was ever known to be out of temper on Loch Katrine? Meet a man at the Furca and walk with him to the Grimsel, and you are sure to find him one of the most kindly of the human race. Share a carriage to Inverary with people you chance to meet at Oban, and you think it would be charming to travel with them for a month. Extortionate bills and rainy weather may ruffle the temper for a moment, but so far as I have observed, if a "tourist ticket" is ever issued to a cantankerous man—of which I have serious doubts—he no sooner gets it into his waistcoat pocket than it acts like a charm. If we could only keep some of our acquaintances always on the top of a Highland coach, or crossing Swiss passes, or climbing Welsh hills, what a happy thing it would be for them—and for us! No theological reading does them half as much good as "Murray," or "Baedecker," and a volume of "Black" is more useful to them than a score of sermons.

From the very beginning of the world man needed rest, as much for his intellect and heart as for his body. Among the Jews the weekly Sabbath was, literally a weekly rest, in commemoration of the rest of God after the creation of the world. In the fourth commandment there is nothing about worship, either public or private, and the keeping holy of the Sabbath day consisted originally in mere absence from work. No doubt part of the day was always spent by devout men in meditation on the greatness of Jehovah, and on the wonderful history and glorious hopes of the descendants of Abraham; and part of it in talking to children about the dark times in Egypt, and about the giving of the law, and about famous warriors and prophets, "of whom the word was not worthy:" but till synagogues were established in every part of the country, after the captivity, there were no regular weekly assemblies for listening to the reading and exposition of the Scriptures and for uniting in common prayer. When the people were rebuked for breaking the fourth commandment, they were rebuked, not because they kept away from church, but because they did their ordinary work on the Sabbath of the Lord. The moral uses of the day were largely secured by keeping it simply as a day of rest.

Years ago I remember hearing an excellent minister, not distinguished for intellectual vigor, pray on Sunday morning that on that day his congregation might have "intellectual repose." I mockingly thought that, so far as the good man's own sermons were concerned, there was no danger of the repose being disturbed, and that it would have been better if he had prayed for intellectual activity. I have grown wiser since then, and have come to believe that what men really want on Sunday, if the Sunday is to make them better and stronger for the week, is for the brain and heart to have rest. For the young, the strong, and the speculative, preaching cannot have too much of vigorous and stimulating thought in it; but there are many weary, sorrowful people, to whom the preacher renders the most efficient service by causing them to "lie down in green pastures," and leading them "beside the still waters." Perhaps the power to win the thoughts of the anxious away from their troubles, and to soothe the irritated and the fretful, is quite as rare as the power of strenuous argument or vehement appeal.

Our Summer holidays, like our Sundays, should give us rest. The month away from home should be the Sabbatic month of the year. The hurrying, eager, unquiet way in which many people spend their holiday, the passion to see everything that is praised in the Guide-book, and to "do" everything that ought to be "done," the long weary journeys in close railroad carriages, the evenings in crowded coffee-rooms, are very remote from that ideal peace and tranquility which most of us need quite as much as change of scene and physical exercise. In our common life "the world is too much with us." Wisdom

"Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all too-ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

But what do most of us, in these times, know of solitude? How many hours have we in the week for "contemplation?" The "wings" of our souls are not only "ruffled" and "impaired," they are almost useless, and refuse their proper functions. Our intellectual faculties and spiritual affections both suffer from the incessant turmoil and anxiety in which most of us are obliged to live; and both the intellect and the heart might be, and ought to be, the better for the quiet days that are within our reach when the summer and autumn come.

Not that I think it would be at all a profitable way of spending a holiday to determine to master the elements of a new science, or to devote three or four hours every day to the declensions, conjugations and vocabulary of a new language. But every man who was a student in his youth is conscious, I suppose, of the difficulty, when the strain of active life is fully upon him, of securing time for that deliberate and thoughtful reading of a great book, which often constitutes an epoch in the history of our intellectual development. The fragmentary and interrupted reading, which is all that is possible to nine men out of ten when they are at home, does very little for them; and the more serious and vigorous studies, which a few men attempt to carry on when their brains are wearied with the work of the day, are not much more fruitful. There are fastidious books, which ask for a mind perfectly fresh and sensitive to every subtlety of thought and every grace of expression; there are jealous books, which are impatient of every rival, and reject our homage altogether if we cannot bring them an undivided soul. It is useless for a physician to try to read "Comus" in his carriage, or for a clerk in the city to take "In Memoriam" with him on the top of an omnibus. De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" might as well not be read at all as read at night, with a mind continually turning aside to the day's vexations and annoyances. But let any one of these books be put into the portmanteau when starting for Scotland or the Lakes, and if there must be lighter reading too, one of Sir Walter Scott's best novels, or one of George Eliot's; and, if the traveller knows how to read, he will return home not only with vivid memories of rugged mountains and peaceful waters, but conscious that his whole intellectual life has been wonderfully quickened and stimulated. He has travelled with Milton, with Tennyson, or with the profoundest of political philosophers, and, in his lighter moods, has listened to the wisest and most charming of modern story-tellers. We cannot, when we are at home, live with a book for a whole month—we can do it when we are away; and what took a great writer months or years to write, can hardly reveal to common men all its wisdom and all its beauty in a hasty reading which is over in a few hours.

There is, however, a still higher use to which a month's holiday may well be applied; we may play the part of Socrates to our own minds. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, I suppose there was never a time when the intellect of Europe was agitated by so many fierce and conflicting influences as at the present moment, and there has certainly never been a time since then when men of active intelligence were so likely to be swept away by currents of speculation, without knowing either their original source, or their direction and ultimate issue. Our popular literature is penetrated through and through with the principles of hostile philosophies and creeds. Mill and Hamilton, Comte and Hegel, the gross materialism of the *enfans perdu* of Positivism, and a vague, dreamy spiritualism—you come across them all, under the strangest disguises and in most unexpected places.

A keen, clever man, without much time for systematic thought, is struck with an article in the columns of a newspaper, or the pages of a review; he thinks over it at odd moments, talks about it at a friend's dinner table, and gradually makes it his own. He does not inquire on what ultimate theory of the universe the speculations which have fascinated him must rest, or with what parts of that system of truth which seems to him most certain, they are altogether irreconcilable. He is charmed by the beauty, or ingenuity, or grandeur of the new ideas, or they seem to solve difficulties which have troubled him, or to afford useful and available aids to an upright and noble life; and therefore, without inquiring where they came from, and what kind of a character they bear, and whether they have disreputable and vicious connections, he receives them at once. They have a pleasant look, a gracious manner, a musical voice, a dignified bearing, and he never dreams of suspecting them. But once securely lodged, they soon gather their friends and confederates about them; the whole clan gradually assembles. The man finds that somehow, he does not know how, his whole way of looking at the world has been changed, or else he is living in a new universe. The "everlasting hills" themselves, with whose majestic outlines he was so familiar, have melted away, and the old constellations have vanished from the sky. The change may be for the better; perhaps he has parted only with delusions, and has risen, into the region of realities; but such vast revolutions ought not to be the work of accident and chance.

There are many people, no doubt, who only become more restless when they are obliged to be still. They cannot escape from their counting-houses, their banks, their conflicts with trade's unions, their legal troubles, except by violent physical exertions, or the strongest stimulant which they can get, from travel in strange countries and sight-seeing in strange cities. Unless they are climbing mountains or grinding over glaciers, or stirred by the pleasant excitements which come from listening to a foreign tongue and watching the unfamiliar manners of a foreign people, they might as well be at home. Every man must judge for himself, and find out how he can best get his brain quiet, and run the whole current of his thoughts out of its accustomed channel.

☞ A New Orleans druggist has been sued for thirty-five thousand dollars for a blunder in putting up a prescription, which caused the death of a lady.

☞ GLASS.—Pennsylvania makes two-thirds of all the glass manufactured in the United States. In Pittsburg there are sixty-eight glass-works, devoted in about equal proportions to bottle, window-glass and flint-glass work. The annual products comprise seventy million bottles, six hundred thousand boxes of window-glass, and three thousand eight hundred tons of glass-ware—worth, on the aggregate, nearly seven million dollars.

☞ Two peculiarities distinguish the Boston girls, which can hardly fail to be noticed by the observant stranger—of the young ladies between the ages of fifteen and thirty whom he meets on Washington street in the afternoon—two-fifths wear glasses, and three-fifths carry, pressed against their bosoms, books bound in brown paper.

☞ Fanny Elsler is now fifty-seven years old, having been born in Vienna in 1811. She is said to have acquired a superfluousness of vulgar flesh, and limbs very unlike those with which she pirouetted herself into the affections and the pockets of the public.

☞ A wonderful feat of English pedestrianism is stated by the Morning Star to have been lately achieved by a man named Woodhouse, who undertook, for a bet of £20, to run forty miles in five hours. The course selected was the high road from Newington to Croydon, a distance of ten miles. Woodhouse ran from Newington to Croydon and back in two hours and fifteen minutes. The next ten miles, from Newington to Croydon he performed in one hour and twelve minutes, and completed the whole distance by 9.53 A. M., having seven minutes to spare, without exhibiting any distress.

☞ A man in London who thinks he has discovered a method of flying, offers to bet $3,000 that within a year the omnibus service in London will be done by omnibuses passing over the houses.

☞ When you are angry don't write. Words when spoken are air, but when they are written they are things.

☞ "What kind of board do you get at your house?" said a friend to Binks the other day. "Well, we pine during the week, and plank down a good deal Saturday," said the cadaverous Binks.

Gulnare's Divorce.

An old Arab, some sixty years of age, feeling somewhat like King David in his antiquity, took a young damsel to his heart and home. The old story of sixteen and sixty, with a dashing young gallant of twenty-five between, again ensued with the usual consequences. Poor Gulnare was locked up in her harem, and guarded by her tyrant with jealous care. One day Abdallah-ibn-Jusuf brought home a fine watermelon wherewith to regale himself and his fair bride, and then returned to his business, whatever it might be. In the meantime Gulnare sat at her lattice-window, her "jalousie," and pined for the gallant her soul adored. As she sat thinking, and pining, and longing, a cry of "Fish from the lake! fish, oh, lady!" struck upon her ears; and, gazing down below, she beheld a fisherboy with a basket of little fish for sale. An idea—a sublime idea—struck the love-sick Gulnare; and calling the fisherboy, she let down a basket and bought a dozen of his ware. With the greatest care she then made as many incisions in the melon, and carefully inserting the fish in the hollows, nicely closed up the apertures with the light green rind. With heightened color, and in a perfect fever of excitement, Gulnare awaited the arrival of her spouse. At last he came; and greeting him with a feigned admiration worthy of her sex, she set the melon before him.

Taking his knife, Abdallah, the son of Joseph, proceeded to open the fruit, where, to his infinite surprise, he found a fish imbedded in the luscious crimson interior. The second cut discovered another, and so on, each incision bringing forth a fresh one to light.

"God is great! Behold, oh Gulnare!" cried Abdallah. "Some afrite has been at work here. What is to be done? Let us send for Hadji Osman, the dervish, to exorcise the fruit. Those fish are the twelve demons of Tanja that were bound by Solomon, the King, and if we touch them we shall be ruined, and they set free!"

"Nonsense!" said Gulnare; "the melon grew near the lake, and the fish have eaten their way into it. Dost thou think, oh son of Joseph, that thou alone has a liking for melon? Quiet thy mind, and thank Allah that he enabled thee to make a double bargain with thy money. Quiet thy mind, oh my lord, and I will prepare thee a supper of fish such as thou never hast enjoyed, and hold, thy kef shall afterwards be as the first hour in Paradise, midst the seventy houris Allah will give thee!"

Thereupon, like a dutiful spouse, she proceeded to cook the miraculous fish with her own fair hand. After remaining absent some little time, she returned, with a perfectly innocent air, saying—

"Sorry am I, oh my lord! to have detained you with my toilette; let us now enjoy the fruit your bounty has provided."

"But where are the fish?"

"Fish?—what fish?"

"Why, the fish we found in the melon."

"Fish in a watermelon! Allah akbar! what does my life mean?"

"Why, did we not find twelve litle fish in the melon I brought from the bazaar? Didst thou not say thyself they had eaten their way into it?"

"Allah have mercy upon me! Aman! Aman! Now, I think my lord is wandering in his mind. Who ever heard of a fish living in a watermelon?"

"Scoffing daughter of an impoper person!" replied the irate Abdallah, "cease thy foolish talk, and bring me the fish, or by the beard of the Prophet I will chastise thee for thy impertinence!"

"Fish in a watermelon! Ha! ha! ha! Pray to the Prophet, old graybeard, that he preserve thy senses! V'Allah," (by Allah,) "I fear me thou art possessed!"

This was too much for Abdallah to bear, and, seizing his wife by the shoulders, he gave her a sound box on the ear.

"Thou madman!" shrieked Gulnare, "thou are possessed of a devil! Help! help! murder!"

Gulnare shrieked; Abdallah stormed and raved, till at last, breaking from her husband's grasp, Gulnare rushed into the street, and wended her steps to her mother's house. Here she explained how her husband had suddenly gone mad, and described to them the whole scene that had just passed. Abdallah himself soon appeared, in a towering fury, to fetch his wife back; but on being asked whether he really had believed and said there were fish in the melon, and answering in the affirmative, his wife's relatives thought it high time she should be separated, and all the disputants adjourned to the "ahum's" to hear his decision.

Here Abdallah stated his case, having first, in the full consciousness of his good faith, accepted the wager of a fine steed, which the perfidious Gulnare had offered him, and related all that had passed between him and his wife.

"And dost thou really affirm that thy melon contained these twelve fishes thou speakest about?"

"V'Allah, V'Allah! I am speaking the truth."

Thereupon followed a long discussion; some arguing for the possibility of the miracle, others denying it *in toto*, asserting that it was an optical delusion—a kind of mirage in fact—till at length one wise man pronounced his opinion that this was a minor question; because if the man, in the first instance, had suffered from a delusion, he was still laboring under one, and was therefore of unsound mind; if, on the other hand, he really believed in what was evident impossibility, he was a lunatic all the more. Lastly, supposing, for the sake of argument, there had been these twelve fish, these transformed afrites—what could have become of them? It was clear there had never been any fish in the melon.

Abdallah hereupon began to vociferate still more loudly than before, and swore, in his senile rage, that he would be avenged on the woman who thus dared to trifle with him.

"Nay, then, Abdallah, son of Joseph, we cannot allow thee to vent thy mad ire on an innocent woman. It is clear thou art possessed. Thy suit is granted, O woman, surnamed Gulnare, and thou art divorced from the husband of a tainted mind. Go in peace, for the law hath spoken!"

And thus it was decreed. Abdallah was circumvented, and Gulnare set free by her own cleverness.

☞ A London attorney, who is about retiring from business, proposes to sell his interest in thirty cases, belonging to clients who are rich and obstinate.

☞ In a dilemma, during the time a man has been standing like a fool, fumbling for an excuse, a woman will have invented ton thousand.

☞ A rich farmer of Calais, Maine, aged 65, recently married a second wife who is only 19 years of age. A daughter by his first wife is 40 years old, and her daughter, aged 20, is about to be married. Thus there is a child who is 21 years older than her mother, and a grandmother who is a year younger than her granddaughter.

☞ CURIOUS PRESENT.—Victor Emanuel has received the heart of a Venetian patriot who died fighting for his country. It is said to be "beautifully dried," and bears the inscription, "Sire, this heart, too, desired you for its king."

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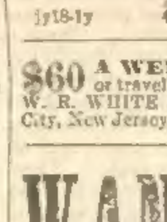

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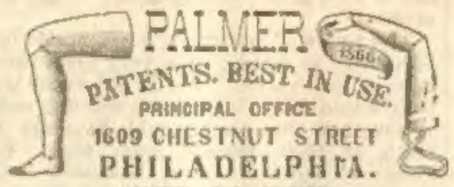

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JACOB L. GREENE, Asst. Sec'y.

Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 20 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $200,000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so expressed in the Policy.

An Annual Payment Life Policy is NOT forfeited by failure to pay Premium when due, but it is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments will continue the policy in force four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments will continue the policy in force six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments will continue the policy in force eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments will continue the policy in force ten years and fifty-six days.
Six annual payments will continue the policy in force twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments will continue the policy in force thirty years and 161 days.
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Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern,*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

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My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head, in 21 days, in every case, thick and heavy or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Send all money in letters to M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. je27-4t

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SPANISH CURLING CREAM—An exquisite pomade for Curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls. *Warranted.* Mailed for $1. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York. je20-2m

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SARATOGA WATERS. COOLING, REFRESHING AND PLEASANT! CITRATE OF MAGNESIA. In 6 oz. bottles—in powder. This Magnesia is a mild purgative and aperient, very acceptable to the stomach for sick head-ache, sour or sick stomach, and all febrile cases. For sale by FRENCH RICHARDS & CO., and most druggists. Prepared by ARTHUR ROGERS, 1103 Spring St., New York. my 2-3m

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

WIT AND HUMOR.

How the Good Templars Initiate Candidates.

The following must have been written by a chap who got tight on lager without knowing it would intoxicate. It refers to a lodge of Good Templars. It is a graphic description of an "initiation ceremony," as the writer understands it:

In the first place, the victim for initiation is blindfolded, bound hands and feet, and thrown into a cauldron of boiling hot rain water, and boiled for five minutes.

This is done for the purpose of clearing his system of "old drunks." He is then taken out of the cauldron, and by means of a force-pump gorged with cistern water, after which a sealing plaster is put over his mouth, and he is rolled in a barrel four or five times across the room.

The choir at the same time singing the cold water song.

He is now taken out of the barrel, and hung up by the heels till the water runs out through his ears.

He is then cut down, and a beautiful young lady hands him a glass of cistern water.

A cold-water bath is then furnished him, after which he is showered with cistern water.

He is then made to read the water-works' act ten times, drinking a glass of cistern water between each reading.

After which the "old oaken bucket" is hung around his neck, and fifteen sisters with squirt-guns deluge him with cistern water.

He is then forced to eat a peck of snow while the brothers stick his ears full of icicles.

He is then run through a clothes-wringer, after which he is handed a glass of cistern water by a beautiful young lady.

He is then gorged again with cistern water, his boots filled with the same, and he is laid away in a refrigerator.

The initiation is now almost concluded.

After remaining in the refrigerator for the space of half an hour, he is taken out and given a glass of cistern water, run through the clothes-wringer again, and becomes a Good Templar.

A Discussion about Eggs.

In the fairest village of Western New York, the "cullud pussons," in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed the duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was:—"Which am de mudder of the chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatch de chick?" The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants, those in favor of the latter proposition evidently in the majority, and the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: "S'pose," said he, "dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder, de duck or de hen?" This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the President, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few minutes, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: "Ducks am not before de house; chicken am de question; derfore I rule de ducks out," and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of the opponents.

NEVADA COAT OF ARMS.—An old army officer, writing from his post in Washington Territory, mentions this little incident:

"In the state of Nevada, strangers and sometimes old settlers are taken in and cheated in the most surprising manner, by purchasing claims in ledges of rocks commonly known as Quartz Ledges. The sellers do not always keep truth on their side; hence there is frequent grumbling on the part of purchasers. A man who had been bitten in this way became very wroth, and recommended to the state authorities of Nevada that they should adopt the Irish flag as the coat of arms for the state. "Why should we do so?" inquired one of the officials. "Because," replied the indignant purchaser of worthless rock, "a shamrock and a lyre [liar] are the true symbols for your coat of arms."

VERY UNREASONABLE.—A Paris paper has this bit of French humor:

"X——, a lad on whom fortune had not smiled, married a rich heiress, Miss D——, against the will of her brother, a gentleman in high position. Since his sister's marriage, D—— will recognize neither the wife nor the husband. One day he met the unhappy X——, who came up and held out his hand.

"'Never!' replies the implacable brother-in-law.

"'How! You refuse your hand to me?' said the late bridegroom. 'I understand why you should not like to speak to your sister, who has made a bad match; but what reason have you for bearing such a grudge against me, since I have made such an excellent one?'"

MAKING IT PLAIN.—The preacher at the African Church at Frankford, recently, was telling his congregation about Moses crossing the Red Sea; and, to make his description quite plain, illustrated it as follows:—"S'pose you's de children of Israel, and I's Moses; Jarsey is the Wilderness, and Bridesburg the Promised Land. Well, I brings you down to de ribber, and waves my hand up towards Tacony, and de waters roll backward toward Philadelphy, and we all goes over widout gittin' wet. When de las' pickininny gets over I waves my hand towards Philadelphy, and I waves my hand toward Tacony, and de water r-o-l-l-s back from toward Tacony—*and dey was fishin' for shad dere de nex' mornin'!*"—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ Secret societies are of very ancient origin. Cain married the daughter of a Nod fellow, and it is even supposed that our first parents had a "lodge in the wilderness."

☞ A village is a place where there are fewer wicked people than in a city. Why? Because there are fewer inhabitants.

THE FASHIONS.

Specimens of the "Simple Pointed" and "Severe Perpendicular."

Ready Responses.

The following reply to a life insurance circular, requesting information as to the health and habits of an applicant, was received at a prominent life insurance office in Hartford:—

1. How long have you known ——? Since two years after I was born.

2. What are his general habits? In winter, red flannel shirts and blue beaver; in summer, a straw hat canted to one side, and nankeen trowsers very loose in the legs.

3. What is his profession? Congregationalist.

4. Has he ever had fever and ague? Had a fever last summer, when the thermometer was at ninety, but it was no great shakes.

5. Has he ever had heart disease? Yes, but was cured of it by Rev. Dr. Hawks years ago.

6. What state was he in when you saw him last? The state of Michigan.

7. Has his application ever been rejected? Yes, once—promptly by a lady.

8. What age do you consider him? Old enough to know more than he does.

9. Does he smoke or chew? He smokes when he chooses.

10. Has he children? Yes; two nephews.

KINDLY SUGGESTION.—A melancholy author goes to Dumas, and moans that if he does not raise three hundred francs, he is afraid he will have to charcoal-smoke himself and his two children. Dumas rummaged his coffers at once, but could only find two hundred francs. "But I must have three, or I and the little loves are lost." "Suppose you only suffocate yourself and *one* of them, then," said Dumas.

A GRASSHOPPER STORY.—The Montgomery (Iowa) Express tells this grasshopper story: "We met a friend of ours coming into town the other day with a large sawlog on his wagon. Upon expressing some surprise at his being thus engaged at this time of year, he replied, with considerable emphasis: 'The infernal grasshoppers are eating up everything, and I thought it best to save 'em.'"

☞ Dr. Macleod and Dr. Watson were crossing a lake together in the West Highlands, in company with a number of passengers, when a storm came on with terrible force. One of the passengers was heard to say, "The twa ministers should begin to pray, or we'l a' be drooned." "Na, na," said the boatman, "the little ane can pray if he like, but the big ane maun tak' an oar."

The Drunkard's Cure.

Some months ago a gentleman advertised that he had discovered a sure specific for the cure of drunkenness. He would not divulge the secret of what compounds he used, but furnished the medicine at so much per bottle. He did not have so many applicants for cure as he expected, considering the extent of the disease. In fact, the more malignant cases did not seem anxious for relief. They rather appeared to enjoy the malady. A few, however, placed themselves under treatment, and some were cured—whether by taking the medicine or by not taking any strong drinks, we are not prepared to say. One of the cured ones had faith in the medicine, rigidly carried out the directions of the doctor, and now has not the least taste for intoxicating drinks; whereas, one year ago, he was an inebriate, and could not get along with less than a pint to a quart of whiskey per day.

He said that he had, at some trouble and expense, procured the receipt for the preparation of the medicine, which he had published for the benefit of suffering humanity. It is as follows: Sulphate of iron five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks. It is to be taken in quantities equal to an ordinary dram, and as often as the desire for a dram returns. Any druggist can prepare the prescription.

☞ To get rid of red ants, wash your shelves clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thickly; let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

☞ It is best not to be angry; and best, in the next place, to be quickly reconciled.

☞ He who buys too many superfluities may be obliged to sell his necessaries.

AFTER ALL.

After all!
In the sleep that comes to all,
Does it matter what befall
When we are beyond recall,
Sleeping soundly and profoundly?
All the woful weight of care
That our human spirits bear
In great or lesser share,
After all, after all!

After all!
All the glory, all the gain,
So much chaff, so little grain,
All Life's pleasures, all its pain,
Matching sweetness by its fleetness;
Only on the shining slope
Of God; upland blooms the hope
That we cherish as we grope,
After all, after all!

After all!
There'll be pebbles on the shore,
There'll be sunshine on the floor,
There'll be footsteps at the door,
When our sadness and our gladness
Are as were the babies twain
Covered by the birds in vain
Where the leaves would not remain,
After all, after all!

The Voice in Society.

Cultivate a pleasant voice. Regular features cannot be cultivated. A kindly expression *can* be cultivated. So, too, can a pleasant voice. We mean a smooth voice—one that is agreeable to the listener—tender in its quality, though strong, clear, and musical.

The voices of our really consummate orators are the result, in a very great measure, of cultivation. We do not mean that they would have been dumb without cultivation, nor that they would have set the teeth of their friends upon edge. The voices of many of them, however, would have been weak, many others far from agreeable, some of them absolutely painful; others, still, which were naturally strong, and smooth, and musical, would have become thin and harsh, through carelessness and neglect.

One charm only, of all which a woman can possess, is equal to that of a musical voice in conversation. That one charm is a cultivated intellect to use the musical voice. With wit enough to use them well, sweet womanly accents are more attractive than a beautiful pair of eyes, or a fair complexion, regular features, full lips, a dimpled chin, plump shoulders, a luxuriant head of hair, or a pretty hand. Even the presence of wit, indeed, is but an aggravation when it finds expression in tones which are harsh, or shrill, or thin. Every gentleman remembers the disappointment which he has felt, on approaching a handsome woman in a drawing-room, to hear an unpleasant voice issue from a beautiful pair of lips. Every other charm is forgotten; one hardly realizes that the woman is intelligent and witty, as well as beautiful, if her voice is not agreeable.

It behooves the ladies then, to care for their voice, if not to "cultivate" them. The English tell us that the voices of our ladies are, as a rule, too shrill—too much, they say, of the American eagle scream. Strangers are better critics of ourselves than we are. This may be true. We slackened our pace upon the street, yesterday, to hear the voice of a French woman, a note or two of which we caught as we were passing. It was, without exception, the most deliciously musical voice in conversation we have ever heard. It lingered in our ear all day, and we shall hear it there for many a week. Was it the contrast with the average American female voice which delighted us?

Mothers should be as careful in the training of their daughter's voices as they are in giving them other accomplishments and graces which make them delightful in society.

☞ The monthly religious paper of the Zulu Christians of South Africa is filled with discussions of the question whether it is consistent for Christian parents to sell their marriageable daughters for cattle. It is the universal practice; and the highest legal authority of Natal has declared that the payment of cattle is the only thing that makes a native marriage legal. Comely girls will sell for thirty or forty head of cattle, and are often sold at public auction. The American missionaries some years since made it a disciplinable offence for a Christian father to sell his child; but their rule has, from the force of circumstances, been relaxed.

☞ The person who said that his mouth never uttered a lie always spoke through his nose.

AGRICULTURAL.

Planting Trees.

The next morning being bright and sunny, the old man piloted the boys into the two acre cornfield they had planted. On the way thither they passed under a fine Mayduke cherry tree, then loaded with delicious fruit. The rain and wind had shaken off quantities of cherries, which lay upon the ground. These the boys stopped to gather and eat, spitting out the stones in every direction. Noticing their actions, Uncle Benny spoke up: "Boys, when I was in Spain I learned a proverb which has been in use in that country for centuries—'He who plants trees loves others besides himself.' It means that, as it takes nearly a lifetime for many trees to grow and produce fruit, the chance is that he who plants the tree will hardly live long enough to eat the product, and that he must, therefore, love those who are to come after him, or he would not plant trees of whose fruits they are more likely to partake than he. Now, whenever a Spaniard eats a peach, a cherry, or a pear by the roadside, he works out a little hole in the ground with his foot, and plants the stone; he thinks of those who are to come after him—he loves others besides himself. It is a thank-offering to the memory of the kind soul by whom the tree was planted from which he has just eaten. Hence the roadsides throughout that beautiful country are lined with abundance of the most tempting fruits, all free to every one. Boys, not one of you has ever planted a tree. It is time for you to begin. I shall never live to gather the fruit, but all of you may be spared to do so. It is our duty to leave the world as good at least as we found it—better if we can. I have no good opinion of the fellow who is content to snore under the shadow of a noble shade tree, without planting another for the next generation to enjoy, or to eat the fruit from trees which others have planted, without at some time imitating their example. The sooner one sows, the sooner will he reap. There, boys, right along the fence, two or three for each of you."

Each boy stuck his heel into the soft ground, made a slight hole, dropped into it a couple of cherry stones, covered them over and pressed down the earth with his foot. It was certainly a very small affair, but it was, nevertheless, something for the boys. Each one could not help feeling that he had done a good deed, for he had planted a tree.

"Oh," exclaimed the old man, "what a country this would be if every owner of a farm would go and do likewise! The roadsides would everywhere be lined with noble trees, glorious to look upon, grateful in their shadiness and affording bountiful harvests of delightful fruit, free to the passing traveller, and yielding a profusion even to the birds. There would be plenty of fruit for all. Even the thieves who now prey upon the fruit-grower would have no further inducement to steal."—*Farming for Boys.*

Maple Sugar.

According to the last United States census, about forty million pounds are made in the whole country, and one and a half gallons of syrup. The New England states, New York, Michigan, and Ohio, make the most. Nearly one-half of the whole quantity is made in New York and Vermont. The value of this product at the present market prices is not far from eight millions of dollars. There is no good reason why more system should not be introduced in this industry and the business be greatly extended. Why should not better varieties of the sugar maple be sought out and multiplied by nurserymen, and orchards be planted on a large scale? There is no danger of a glut in the sugar market, and if the product were multiplied ten fold the price would still be remunerative. The tree will flourish in elevated positions and on rocky land quite enough for tillage, and its cultivation requires very little care.

Fattening Poultry.

The London Field states that poultry, properly fed, will acquire all the fatness needful for marketing purposes in a fortnight or three weeks at most. Their diet should be Indian, oat or barley meal, scalded in milk or water—the former is the best, as it will expedite the fattening process. They should be fed early in the morning, at noon, and also in the evening just before going to roost, a plentiful supply of pure fresh water—plenty of gravel, sliced cabbage or turnip tops. If the fowls are required to be very fat, some trimmings of fresh mutton suet may be chopped up and scalded with their feed, or they may be boiled in milk alone and poured over the meal. This renders the flesh finer than it otherwise would be. When fit to kill, feeding should be stopped for twelve hours or more, that the intestines may become comparatively empty.

RECEIPTS.

WALNUT CATSUP, No. 1.—Bruise green walnuts, and press out the juice of the nut; boil the juice until half reduced; add a little essence of anchovy, mace, cloves and pepper, without grinding, in equal parts, a clove of garlic, and a little salt; let the catsup and spices simmer together until the liquor measures one-third of the original amount; strain out all the spices; add half as much of the very best wine vinegar as the liquor measures; let it stand in an earthen jar until it settles, then filter it until clear; bottle and seal tight.

WALNUT CATSUP, No. 2.—Bruise the nuts, press out the juice; add to a gallon an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of an ounce of cloves; put the spices in a bag without rolling or grinding; boil until the liquor is half reduced; pour it in a jar; add a little salt; let it settle two days, and filter until clear; bottle in pints or half-pints, and seal the corks. It is better two years old.

LUNCHEON CAKES.—A little good sweet yeast, a pound of flour, a small quantity of milk, ten eggs, half a pound of butter, and a little salt. Put a tablespoonful of yeast and half a teacupful of warm milk with the flour, and put it in a warm place to rise. Beat well the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of two, and with the hand mix them and half a pound of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt with the dough. Half fill buttered teacups or small basins with the dough. Set them to rise until the cups or basins are nearly full, and then bake them in a hot oven.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half cup butter, half cup of milk or water, two cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda, nutmeg.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 12, 6, 23, 21, 16, denotes an ancestor.
My 26, 11, 8, 13, 3, is a part of a ship.
My 17, 7, 21, 5, 11, 19, 12, 16, 9, is a kind of a plant.
My 10, 18, 4, 12, 6, 23, is a defence.
My 27, 15, 24, is a man's nickname.
My 3, 21, 5, 23, 6, 12, is what ladies use.
My 1, 20, 25, 14, 8, 11, 15, 13, is a line passing through the centre of a circle.
My 2, 22, 9, is a Turkish coin.
My 15, 10, 18, is a kind of a tree.
My 17, 25, 16, 1, 20, 3, 12, is a kind of fish.
My whole was a distinguished statesman, and the town and state in which he lived.

W.

Enigma for the Boys and Girls.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1, 5, 3, is what boys are anxious to be.
My 1, 2, 6, 8, is a girl's name.
My 1, 5, 2, 8, is what no boy or girl likes to be called.
My 1, 8, 6, 2, is a girl's name.
My 1, 5, 2, 7, is an article of food.
My 1, 2, 6, 6, 8, is what all boys and girls expect to do.
My 4, 5, 7, 7, 8, is a girl's name.
My 4, 2, 1, 5, is what every boy and girl possesses.
My 3, 1, 4, is a girl's nickname.
My 5, 1, 1, 2, is a girl's name.
My 7, 5, 2, 6, 4, is what all good boys and girls do.
My whole is what all boys and girls should be.

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Enigma.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 19, 9, 27, 10, 23, 13, is a city of New England.
My 16, 21, 18, 9, 19, 26, 4, is a month.
My 1, 7, 15, are the initials of a friend.
My 15, 12, 8, 21, 9, 15, 13, was one of the Presidents of the United States.
My 25, 24, 9, 23, 25, is a fish.
My 11, 23, 14, 14, 6, 8, 14, is what girls often want.
My 17, 5, 3, 12, 8, 14, is pertaining to sight.
My 2, 9, 8, 3, 28, is something sweet.
My 21, 22, 20, is what girls often are.
My 21, 23, 23, 24, 25, 20, 23, 23, 27, is what we all should be.
My whole is a precept that should be remembered by every one.

FRANK KLINE.

Problem.

A person wishing to measure an inaccessible object, makes an observation from two points twenty feet apart, and finds in each case that the angle enclosed between a right line between the points and a line directly towards the object is 85 degrees. Required—the distance of the object from either point.

H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Five men in 9 months spent a capital of $4,800, together with the interest of it for the whole time. At the same rate of expenditure two other men spent $3,320 with interest in 16 months. The rate of interest in both cases the same. How much did each spend monthly? W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a water-lily like a whale? Ans.—They both come to the surface to blow.

☞ Why are the letters "oz" like an advertisement? Ans.—Because they are for an-ounce-meant.

☞ What city is a Hub-bub a native of? Ans.—He is a Boston boy.

☞ When is a farmer very maternal? Ans.—When he cradles his grain.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Cardinal Joseph Casper Mezzofanti. RIDDLE—A chair.

CHOCOLATE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Having soaked in cold water an ounce of isinglass, or of gelatine, shave down three ounces of the best chocolate, which must have no spice or sugar in it, and mix it gradually into a pint of cream, adding the soaked isinglass. Set the cream, chocolate and isinglass over the fire, in a porcelain kettle, and boil it slowly till the isinglass is dissolved thoroughly, and the whole is well mixed. Then take it off the fire and let it cool. Have ready eight yolks of eggs and four whites, beaten all together till very light; and stir them gradually into the mixture, in turn with half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Simmer the whole over the fire, but do not let it quite boil. Then take it off, and whip it to a strong froth. Line your moulds with sponge cake, and set them on ice. If you like a strong chocolate flavor, take four ounces of the cocoa.

TO MAKE CLOTTED CREAM.—When the milk comes from the cow, put it in a tin can, and place the can in a saucepan of boiling water, so that the latter comes nearly to the neck of the can, or at any rate above the milk it contains. Let the water boil till the milk would scald the finger on touching it, then pour the milk into a milk pan. Let it remain in a cold place for forty-eight hours (when, if the vessels have been well scalded, the milk will be sweet,) then skim the cream off in a mass, which will be almost thick enough to cut with a knife.

CLAM FRITTERS.—Make a nice, smooth batter; dip the clams in the batter, and fry in hot lard until brown; or take the liquor from the clams, a little milk, an egg or two, and flour sufficient to make a batter that will not fry in bits; stir in the clams, and drop them one by one in hot lard; when browned on one side, turn them over; take care not to have the lard too hot. Oyster fritters can be made as above.

ORANGEADE OR LEMONADE.—Squeeze out the juice, pour boiling water on a little of the peel, and cover close.

BLANCMANGE.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces and wash well; pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds pounded, sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn it into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blancmange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.